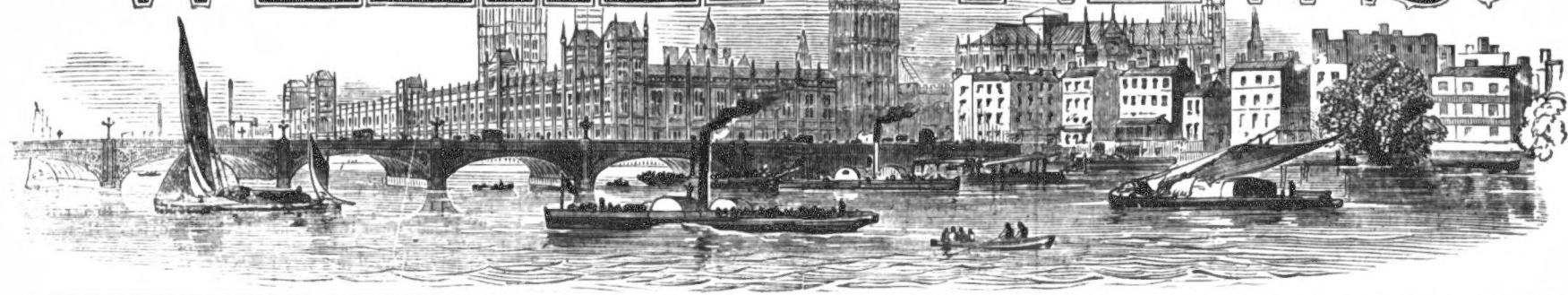


R. NEWSPAPER REGD
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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 15.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP
AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

ONE PENNY.



Fresco in the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn. (See page 227.)

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Tuesday, Sir J. Gray moved that the House will, on a future day, resolve itself into committee to consider the temporalities and privileges of the established church in Ireland.—Colonel Greville seconded the resolution.—Sir F. H. Yegate moved the previous question.—Mr. Vance seconded the amendment. On a division, the House decided by the majority of 195 to 183 not to put the question.—Lord Amberley obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to the registration of persons entitled to vote in the election of members to serve in Parliament.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Wednesday, Mr. Carnegie moved the second reading of the Hypothec Abolition (Scotland) Bill.—Mr. H. Ballie moved the rejection of the bill.—On a division, the bill was rejected by 225 to 96.—On the order for going into committee on the Church-rates Abolition Bill, Mr. Hardcastle said notice had been given of a series of amendments by Mr. Waldegrave Leslie, but as that hon. gentleman was prevented from being in his place by indisposition, he proposed that those amendments should be taken on bringing up the report.—The House then went into committee on the bill, but Sir M. Beach immediately moved that the chairman report progress, and, on a division, the motion was carried by 242 to 102, and the further proceeding with the bill was fixed for Wednesday, the 12th of June.

In the HOUSE OF LORDS, on Thursday, the Earl of Derby announced that the conference on the Luxemburg question had met that afternoon, and that there was every reason to believe that all difficulties had been overcome.—The Policies of Insurance Bill was read a second time.—Earl Cowper having called attention to the proceedings of the Government in relation to the late Reform meeting in Hyde Park, and moved for a copy of the notice issued by the Home-office.—The Earl of Derby explained the circumstances under which the Government had acted.—Earl Russell maintained that the conduct of ministers had exposed the dignity of the crown to unparalleled contempt.—The Lord Chancellor contended that, as the law stood, no other course was open to the Government than that which they had taken.—Earl Grey censured the executive, but admitted that the parks ought not to be perverted from their proper uses.—Eventually the motion was withdrawn.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Thursday, Sir J. Pakington stated that it was the intention of the Government to proceed with the plan of raising an army of reserve.—The case of the "Poet Young" was again brought under notice by Mr. O'Reilly, who ultimately withdrew his opposition, and the "unfortunate poet" (as Mr. Bright described him), is to continue to enjoy his pension.—Lord Stanley stated that the conference had held its second sitting that day, and had come to an agreement on all the matters at issue.—Mr. Walpole stated, in reply to Mr. Lowe, that the Government had not received the opinion of the law officers of the crown, submitted to them in July last, until five days after the disturbances in Hyde Park.—The House then went into committee on the Representation of the People Bill, resuming the consideration of an amendment moved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the object of which was to provide that the rates payable by householders rated at less than £10 should be "an equal amount in the pound to that payable by other ordinary occupiers." Mr. Brett characterised the conduct of the Opposition as intended to destroy the bill altogether. Mr. Mill deprecated making any distinction between voters above or below £10. Mr. Gladstone insisted that the House would commit an offence against policy, good faith, and honour if they were to acquiesce in a measure which could not lead to a permanent settlement of the question. Mr. Kendall supported and Mr. Fawcett opposed the amendment, the latter arguing that its immediate effect would be to fan the flames of agitation out of doors. Mr. J. B. Smith expressed his intention to support the amendment, chiefly on the ground that, as the House was about to admit a new class of voters to the franchise, they were entitled to make terms with them. Mr. Lowe commented upon the unsubstantial principle upon which the bill was based. Mr. Bright asserted that the bill was narrow and exclusive in its details, and that the object of the amendment under discussion was to restrict and limit the number of compound householders whom it was proposed to admit to the franchise. The bill as now arranged would exclude 36,000 householders in Birmingham alone. Mr. Roebuck denounced the conduct of the Opposition as a mere farce, and characterised the speech of Mr. Bright as a portion of that stumpy oratory to which people were ever ready to listen when assured that they were aggrieved. Mr. Headlam said he would be a craven and a coward if he did not give his support to the Government. The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied that the Government had framed the bill so as to exclude the compound householders from the enjoyment of the franchise. The committee divided, when the numbers were—For the Chancellor of the Exchequer's amendment, 322; against, 256; majority for ministers, 66. The result was received with loud and prolonged cheers from the ministerial benches. The words proposed were then inserted, and the chairman reported progress.

In the HOUSE OF LORDS, on Friday, the Marquis of Clanricarde asked if the Government had taken proper steps to obtain correct reports of evidence given upon the trials for treason in Ireland. Alluding to a petition of the Reform League to her Majesty to spare the lives of the condemned Fenians, he protested against the terms of the petition, which called the Fenians "patriots," though qualified by the word "misguided," and declared that that did not savour much of allegiance to the crown.—The Earl of Derby stated that steps had been taken to secure accurate reports of the trials.—The Local Government Supplemental Bill and the Land Drainage Supplemental Bill were read a second time.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Friday, Sir J. Pakington stated that he would not take the vote of which he had given notice with regard to the Supplementary Army Estimates, but that on Monday he would ask for leave to bring in three bills, carrying out the scheme proposed by General Peel.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said that he would fix the National Debt Bill for Thursday.—Mr. Nante gave notice that he would move as an amendment to the Royal Parks Bill that it was not expedient to deal with reference only to the Royal parks.—Mr. Walpole moved that the select committee, on the Factory Acts Extension Bill and the Hours of Labour Regulation Bill do consist of seventeen members, which was agreed to, and the House adjourned.

On Monday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced to the House of Commons the resignation of Mr. Walpole, intimating that he would continue to have a seat in the Cabinet without holding office. Mr. Disraeli passed a high eulogium on the late Home Secretary. Several members were anxious to know what was to be done with respect to the Meetings in Parks Bill, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer declined to give any information. When the successor of Mr. Walpole was in his place, he would state the course that would be taken.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer then asked leave to introduce the Scotch Reform Bill, the provisions of which he very briefly described. The borough suffrage is to be virtually a £4 rental; the county franchise a £15 occupation, with no change in the property franchise. Seven new members are to be given to Scotland. Of these one is to be given to Glasgow, which is to be divided into two boroughs for parliamentary purposes; one member is to be given to the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's jointly; and one to the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen jointly. Lanarkshire, Ayrshire, and Aberdeenshire are to be divided, and an additional member given to each. The seventh member goes to a new group of boroughs. In stating these things, Mr. Disraeli went out of his way to attack the deputation which waited upon Mr. Gladstone on Saturday, as a regiment of spouters of stale sedition. The proposal of the Government was criticised by several Scotch members, most of whom approved of the borough suffrage proposed, but altogether opposed the distribution of seats part of the bill. Mr. Gladstone, in criticising the bill, declared that it was the strongest condemnation of the English bill. Further, he condemned the attack which Mr. Disraeli had made upon the deputation of Saturday. Mr. Disraeli replied, and having been pressed to say where the seven new members for Scotland were to come from, intimated, with much circumlocution, that they were to be a clear addition to the number of members in the House. Leave was given to bring in the bill, which was introduced and read a first time.

The House then went into committee on the English Reform Bill. After some discussion, words were inserted, at the instance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view of carrying out the policy as to compound householders, for which the Government have obtained the support of the House.

SOCIETY:
Its facts and its Rumours.

There will be two state concerts and two state balls at Buckingham Palace in the course of the season.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will hold a levee on the part of her Majesty at St. James's Palace, on Wednesday, the 29th instant.

We are authorised to state that the Court announced to be held by the Queen in June will take place at Buckingham Palace on Friday, the 21st June, at four o'clock.

Two drawing rooms will be held in June, on her Majesty's behalf, at St. James's Palace, the dates of which will be shortly announced.

The marriage of Captain Thomas Charles Douglas Whitmore, son of J. C. Whitmore, Esq., to Louisa Mary Emily, daughter of Sir W. C. Cradock Hartopp, Bart., of Fair Oaks, Warwick, took place on Saturday at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the ceremony being performed by the Very Rev. the Dean of York, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Langhorne, senior curate of St. Paul's.

The infant daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales was christened on the 10th, at Marlborough House. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, and the Princess received the names of Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar. The sponsors were the Queen of Denmark, the Grand Duchess Catherine (Princess Dagnar), the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, Princess Louise, Princess Louis of Hesse, the King of the Greeks, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Frederick of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg.

The Prince of Wales arrived in Paris on Saturday morning on his visit to the Exhibition. His Royal Highness travelled by train on the South-Eastern Railway from Charing-cross station. The journey to Dover was made in the midst of a tremendous storm; the working of the telegraph was seriously interfered with by the electrical disturbance, but no accident or detention occurred in consequence. The Prince embarked on board the Chatham and Dover Company's steamer, the *Maid of Kent*, and the passage across the Channel occupied about an hour and forty minutes. During the Prince's stay in the French capital he will be the guest of Lord Cowley, and will make several visits to the exhibition. The prince's stay in Paris will be limited, it is understood, to about eight days.

INTERIOR OF A TARTAR SCHOOL.

THE engraving on page 236 of the interior of a Tartar school, may, perhaps, remove any erroneous opinions our readers may have formed as to the manner in which the young Tartars, male and female, are taught in their public schools. Here we see the sexes mixed together in the same way as is, or rather was, the custom at our old dame schools. The girls wear, almost constantly, a coquettish little red fan, with a flat, blue silk tassel on the top; and their hair, which is plaited in fifty little tails, hangs all about their shoulders. Red hair they love, and dye their heads accordingly, also their nails. In the schools they are kept exceedingly orderly, and, as seen in our illustration, they sit cross-legged on the floor to learn their lessons; but, like us, they stand up to repeat their lessons to the grim old Tartar schoolmaster, who looks, indeed, "a regular Tartar."

THE LIBRARY OF THE MANCHESTER
MECHANIC INSTITUTION.

MECHANICS' Institutes, since the time when Dr. Birkbeck first enunciated the idea, and explained the proper aims and probably advantages of such establishments, have been diffused over the length and breadth of the land, and of course Manchester was not slow in accepting an idea so obviously suited to her wants and necessities. Their institution was first established about thirty years since; but the new institute and library was not opened until 1856. It will be seen from our engraving on page 236, that the library is of noble proportion, well lit, and exceedingly well stocked with books. It is from this institution that the idea of industrial exhibitions first emanated, and which have since become so popular in London and in the chief towns in the country.

THE SULTAN has had a cock fight on a grand scale. The combatants were introduced as at Knosley in the olden time. The most stalwart chancier was named Aziz, after the sacred Padisha himself; the other competitors of the gallantest breed were named Bismarck, Napoleon III., Palmerston, Frederick William, and Victor Emmanuel. After a fierce conflict Aziz vanquished Napoleon. The delighted Sultan instantly decorated the conquering cock with the order of Osmanli of the first class in diamonds, and thus accoutred the bird struts about his harem as though he fully appreciated the high honour which has been bestowed upon him.

THE TRAGEDY AT BUCKHURST-HILL.

THE young man Watkins, who so nearly succeeded in killing his sweetheart, Matilda Griggs, at Buckhurst-hill; was again brought before the magistrates at Waltham-Abbey on Tuesday morning. The poor girl was able to attend and to give her evidence. At ten o'clock the prisoner, Frederick Alexander Watkins, arrived at the Waltham Abbey police-station. The crowd outside was very large, and it was found impossible to accommodate the large number who had assembled in the small court usually occupied by the magistrates, and therefore it was decided to hold the court in the county court of the district. The prisoner was therefore walked down the street, through the large crowd, who kept running along the road for the purpose of getting a good look at him. He walked at the side of Mr. Stringer, the governor of the gaol, and he was surrounded by police. The crowd were kept in order by the police, who acted under the orders of Inspectors Waddy and Dean. The prisoner, who was handcuffed, looked rather sad. Miss Matilda Griggs was brought to the county court in a private fly, and she was accompanied by her father and mother. She is a pretty girl, and was attired in a black silk dress and a summer bonnet.

Within a few minutes of the opening of the court it was densely crowded.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock on Tuesday the magistrates took their seats upon the bench. Mr. Dawes was chairman.

Mr. Abrams appeared to watch the proceedings on behalf of the accused.

The first witness called was Matilda Griggs. She appeared to be very weak, and was accommodated with a seat.

She was sworn, and Mr. Jessop then read over to her the deposition made when it was thought she was dying. He read it in the third person, and as he stated the facts that she had deposed to, she answered "Yes" in a very feeble tone of voice. The deposition stated that she had been met by the accused on the 24th of April, near her father's house, and that he invited her to take a walk, and that she consented. When in a field near Buckhurst-hill he charged her with speaking to other young men, and she denied it. He then struck her on the head, and then with a dagger on the breast.

At that point she said, in a very faint voice: And behind the blade bone.

The Clerk continued reading the deposition, and said that he stabbed her several times, and then she knew not what happened.

Clerk: Have you anything to add to the deposition that you have made?

Matilda Griggs: Nothing.

Mr. Abrams then said that he should like to put a few questions to her; and he asked her if she had not always been very affectionately treated by the prisoner.

Miss Griggs: He always treated me with the greatest affection and attention. I know that his father had an estate. I made the prisoner's acquaintance at his father's house. He never complained to me of pains in his head. He never told me that brickmaking gave him pains in the head. He did not say that brickmaking agreed with him better than watchmaking. He said he had better health. I recollect his having his ears pierced, but I do not recollect that he had it done on account of pains in his head. I walked out with him on Easter Monday. He told me that he had been to the stag hunt. He did not tell me that he was uneasy in his mind. I do not recollect that he told me that he could not sleep at night. I would not venture to swear that he did not. He came to my house on the Tuesday evening. I do not think that he was in an excited state. He came at a quarter-past eight o'clock. We left the house at half-past eight. I did not notice anything peculiar in his manner. I do not recollect his saying to me, "Matilda, I feel unhappy in my mind." He might have said so.

At this stage of the examination the witness became quite overcome, and she closed her eyes and lay back in the chair. Dr. Horne at once came to her assistance.

Mr. Abrams said that he would make the examination as short as possible.

Miss Griggs was then assisted out of court.

Mr. H. L. Patterson, inspector of police, was then called, and he said: On Wednesday, the 24th April, at half-past five o'clock in the morning, the prisoner came to the Epping Police-station, and said: "I have stabbed a young woman at Buckhurst-hill." Witness cautioned him that whatever he might say would be used in evidence for or against him. He then said, "I stabbed her in a field at Buckhurst-hill." "Who was she?" he asked. "Miss Griggs," replied the prisoner. He then said that he felt very ill, that he wanted to go out into the garden. Witness accompanied him there, and he said that he had taken something that he ought not to have taken the night before. He said that he had taken acid that he used in his trade as a watchmaker. When he got better witness asked him, "Who is Miss Griggs?" "The daughter of Thomas Griggs, well-borer, of North Cottage, Buckhurst-hill." When asked why he stabbed her, he replied, "We had some words, and all that." He said that he had stabbed her with a dagger. He said that he did not know how often he had stabbed her. He supposed in two or three places. He said he did not know where he had left the young woman. He supposed that some people had found her. He said that his name was Frederick Watkins, of 36, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, and that he was a watchmaker, now lodging at the Fox, Buckhurst-hill. Witness examined his hands, and found blood on them.

When that statement was made, the eyes of all in the court were directed towards the prisoner. He looked very red, and he kept upon his right hand.

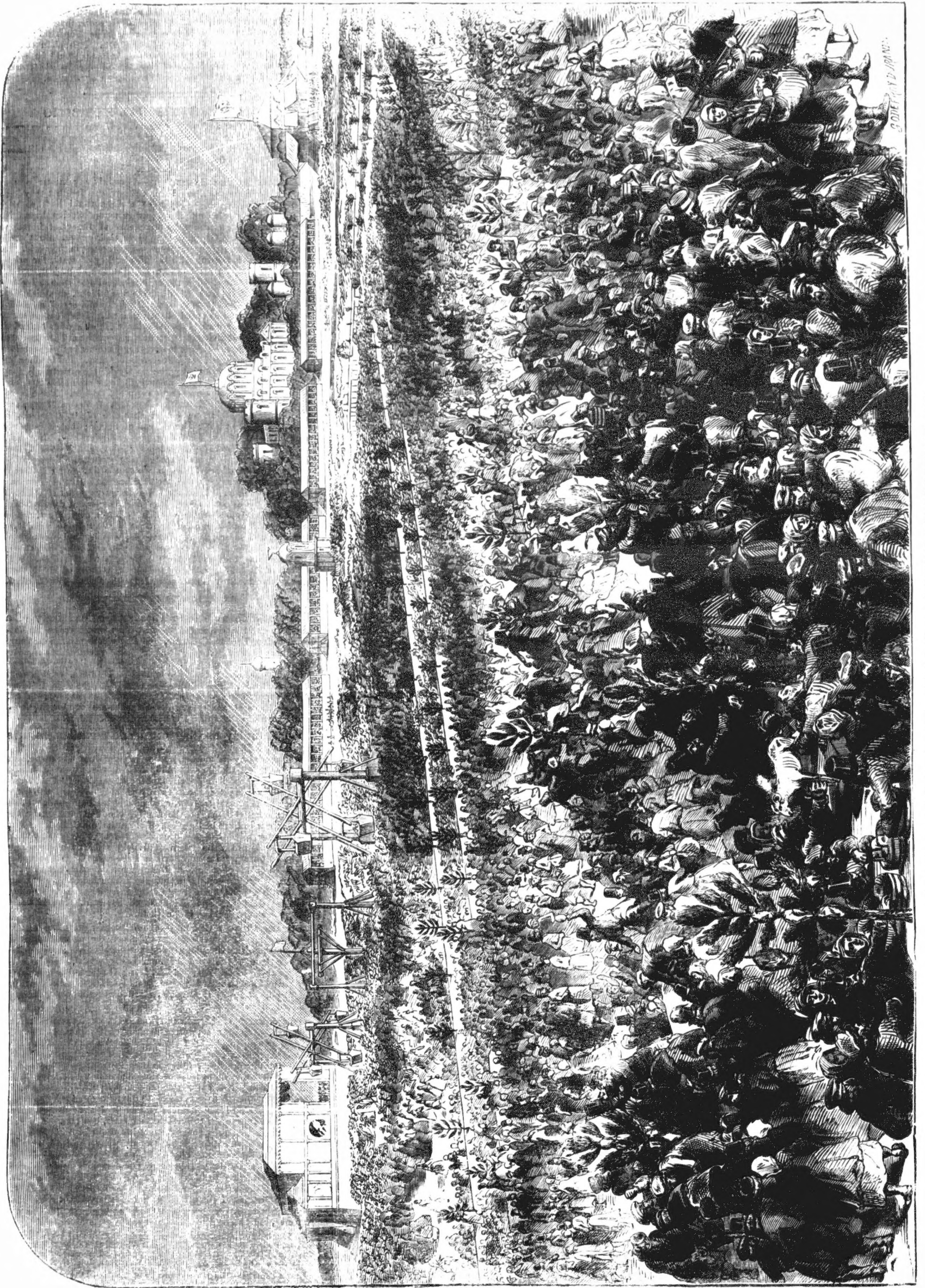
After some further evidence the prisoner was again remanded.

ATTEMPTED MURDER.—On Monday, at Wigan, Peter Fairclough and Thomas Hurst were charged with unlawfully wounding Patrick Farrell, who now lies at the point of death from the injuries inflicted on him. On Saturday night a quarrel took place between the parties, during which Farrell received a terrible blow on the head that fractured his skull. Farrell's depositions were taken on Sunday, but although partly conscious, he was unable to reply clearly to the questions put to him, and on Monday he was much worse. The prisoners were remanded.

THE FATAL FIRE IN THE WATERLOO ROAD.—On Monday an inquest was held at the Half-way House, Webber-street, Waterloo-road, on the body of Caroline Newham, aged twenty, who was burnt to death in her room at Herbert's-buildings, Waterloo-road, as already reported in these columns. On Wednesday morning the deceased, who was a mantle-maker, went home in a state of intoxication, and shortly afterwards a fire was discovered in her apartment. On a fireman entering the chamber she was found dead, her body leaning up against a cupboard in one corner of the room. The jury were of opinion that the deceased set fire to her clothes accidentally, and thus caused death.

To SURGEONS AND CHEMISTS.—Complete set of Drawers, Lockers, Counter Shelves, Bottles, Pans, Mortars, scales and Weights, Side Counter, Mahogany Cupboard, Glass Upright and Sun or Case, &c. Suitable for a Surgery or a small shop. Only 22s. Apply to W. G. FAULKNER, Jun., 40, Endell-street.

Vertical Engine.—This is the best engine of the day—61, ls., & 24, inch, at £100. Includes set of 12 valves & pumps extra. For sale, a Vertical Steam Engine, with saddle wheel 17 in. diameter, pulley wheel 6 in. diameter, cylinder 8 in. high, 3 1/2 in. diameter, in good working order, only £2. A first-class Gasoline Wire Pump, with collector and clock-work arrangement, only 5 lbs. A ten-cell Platinum Battery, only £3.—W. G. Faulkner, 40, Abchurch-lane.



REJOICINGS AT MOSCOW ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

IMPERIAL VISIT TO MOSCOW.

At the time of the marriage of the heir to the throne, in October last, it was generally believed that he would present his bride to the Muscovites immediately after the wedding festivities in St. Petersburg; but the visit was postponed till Easter, and it was not till the middle of the week before last that his Imperial Highness, his young bride, and his brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, accompanied the Emperor to the ancient capital. On Thursday, soon after midnight, they reached Petroffsky Palace, in the outskirts of Moscow. As it was known that the Emperor would make his public entry into the city with the Cesarevitch and Cesarevna on the following morning, the whole town was on foot from an early hour, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, and every available space between Petroffsky Palace and the Kremlin was occupied by crowds of spectators anxious to get a glimpse of the procession. At ten o'clock the Emperor reached the triumphal arch at the entrance of the town, where his suite was waiting for him; and on the arrival of the Cesarevna, who, accompanied by the marshal of her court and a lady of honour, drove up shortly afterwards in an open carriage drawn by six horses, the procession began to move. The Princess was preceded by a squadron of cavalry, and followed by the Grand Duke Vladimir and the Imperial suite, all on horseback; the Emperor and the Cesarevitch riding, the former to the right and the latter to the left of the future Empress. Along the whole of the line the windows and balconies, decorated with carpets, coloured cloth, and garlands of flowers, were filled with well-dressed people; seats were erected at convenient places for those who could pay to see the procession at their ease; while the roofs of the houses offered more precarious accommodation to many humbler, but not less loyal, spectators. The approach of the cortege was announced by the cheers of the bystanders, which were continued during the whole of the line in the most enthusiastic manner. Entering the Kremlin by the Gate of the Redeemer, the Imperial party halted at the railing which surrounds the cathedrals of the ancient citadel, where the functionaries of the first and second classes, and other persons of distinction inhabiting Moscow—ladies as well as gentlemen—were waiting to receive them, and after stopping for a short time in the cathedrals of the Archangel Michael and the Assumption, the Emperor and their Imperial Highnesses ascended the red staircase. This was the most interesting moment of the whole ceremony. At the top of the staircase, which is only used on important occasions, stood the Emperor with the Cesarevna and the Heir Apparent, receiving the customary offering of bread and salt from the civic deputation, headed by the mayor of the town; and below an immense mass of people assembled to welcome their adored sovereign, who prides himself on being a native of Moscow. When the Emperor, the Cesarevitch, and the lovely Princess, turned to salute the Muscovites from the top of the staircase, the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and their joyful cheers were heard above the music of the military bands, the roar of the artillery, and the ringing of all the bells of the Kremlin. The state rooms of the palace were filled with the representatives of the various classes of society who had come to offer their homage, the nobility, functionaries of all degrees, senators, military officers of every rank, and deputies from the merchants, tradesmen, and artisans of the chief town of the neighbouring governments. After passing through the halls where the company had assembled, the Imperial party retired to their private apartments. In the evening the streets were again filled with people, who crowded out to see the illuminations. At ten o'clock the Emperor, with his two sons and his daughter-in-law, left the Kremlin in an open carriage, and, preceded by the Governor-General and followed by a brilliant suite on horseback, drove through the principal streets. Preparations had been made for

an illumination on a grand scale, the new gas company had done wonders; and if the weather had been propitious, their various designs would have equalled, if not surpassed, any former efforts of a similar kind; but unfortunately a high wind was blowing from the west during the whole evening, and it was only in some sheltered places that either lamps or gas could be made to burn at all. But Bengal fire lighted up the passage for the Imperial visitors, and after driving through all the great thoroughfares, they returned to the palace in the Kremlin.

As a lasting memorial of the Imperial visit, the people of Moscow have subscribed liberally for educational and charitable purposes. Amongst other acts of munificence they have founded thirty free scholarships in two of the public schools, and have added a hundred beds to an asylum for the aged poor.

The 4th (16th) of April, the anniversary of the Emperor's miraculous escape from assassination, has been celebrated all over the empire. Persons of all classes, and of all shades of religious faith, have shared in these rejoicings: the churches, mosques, and synagogues were thronged, and in many towns prayers were offered up in the public places. A religious procession usually formed part of the ceremony, and this was generally followed by a banquet and an illumination in the evening. In many places alms were distributed to the poor, and in one town a school was established in commemoration of the event.

SEVERE THUNDER-STORMS.

A TERRIFIC thunder-storm, accompanied by one of the heaviest falls of hail and rain known for years passed over Cambridge and the vicinity on Friday. The lightning was very vivid, and many of the by-roads were rendered impassable by the overflow of water. At Barrington, a labourer, named Patman, was struck by the lightning, and died instantly. He was in a field ploughing, with his master's son and four labourers, and when the storm came on, about one o'clock, they all took shelter under an adjacent straw-stack. One flash of lightning rendered them all insensible, and the deceased, with two or three others, fell to the ground. The others, upon reviving, went to their companion, Patman, and found him lifeless, and his shoes, leggings, and hat were torn to atoms. A boy at work in the same field had the upper portion of one of his shoes cut clean out by the lightning, and a piece of flesh torn from under his great toe.

On Friday a severe hail storm passed over the town of St. Ives, Hunts. A great number of houses in the town had their windows smashed, one having sixteen squares broken. The raining of the large hailstones lasted near four minutes. In about five minutes the River Ouse rose one foot.

A storm of hail and rain passed over Buckinghamshire on Friday evening, such as has not been witnessed for many years. The damage to property has been immense. The goods station at Winslow was partly unroofed by the wind, and eighty-six panes of glass were broken by the hailstones, some of which when measured by the county police, were at least five inches in circumference. Similar damage was done at the Swanbourne and Claydon stations; and nearly all the garden property in the neighbourhood was destroyed. Nearly every pane of glass in Addington Manor House—the residence of Mr. J. G. Hubbard, M.P.—was broken. A fine old oak tree, at Dinton, was struck by lightning and cut asunder. The storm extended to Aylesbury, where it was very destructive, blowing down trees and walls, and flooding the streets, as well as damaging agricultural produce to a very great extent. But it was in the vicinity of Buckingham that the storm appeared to be most violent. The appearance of the houses in High-street and Castle-street is described as "unexampled," for not only were the window panes broken, but the whole of the

glass was literally cut out of the frames. The effects on vegetation have been most disastrous, and the fruit trees are completely stripped of their leaves and blossoms. There is not a single greenhouse, garden frame, or similar contrivance, that has not been completely smashed to pieces. Thousands of panes of glass will require replacing, and the strength of the glazing trade will be severely tested for some time to come to repair the damage. It is impossible to enumerate the special sufferers, as all the inhabitants of the district have shared more or less in the calamity. The storm was especially destructive to the crops at Winslow, Stowe, and Akeley. Oxfordshire does not appear to have experienced the storm in any great degree, as at Chilton, Thane, &c., there was scarcely any rain; but at Bedford, and in the vicinity of that town, a considerable amount of damage was done. During the thunder-storm at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Friday afternoon, West House, near St. Peter's, was struck by lightning. The electric fluid entered by a window on the south-west side, and went through every room, except the kitchen, finding its way out below one of the windows on the ground floor, where it made a hole in the stone wall about a foot square. Mr. Cook's grand-daughter, a girl 13 years old, was the only person in the upper part of the house at the time, and she was struck and had her collar-bone broken. A wherryman, who was on the river at the time, states that he saw a "ball of fire" come out of Mr. Cook's house, and down to the river and spread along the surface of the Tyne. The damage done in and to the house is considerable. In several places the walls are cracked, and the furniture in almost every room has been injured. A French bedstead was doubled completely up. The same house was struck by lightning about 22 years since.

REFORM DEPUTATION TO MR. GLADSTONE.

On Saturday afternoon a deputation of the National Reform Union waited upon the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, at his residence, to give an assurance of their unabated confidence in him. The deputation consisted of delegates from the various branches of the National Reform Union, and numbered over 200. Having at a preliminary meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel decided upon the order of addresses to be observed at Mr. Gladstone's house, they proceeded there. Headed by the veteran Liberal, Mr. George Wilson, they piled addresses into Mr. Gladstone's hands, all couched in the same tone. In their speeches they declared their firm resolution to begin afresh their agitation for Reform, directing it now against the fraudulent bill of the Government. Mr. Gladstone replied at some length in a thoroughly hearty and hopeful tone. While fully recognizing the disheartening result of the last division, he stated his determination to lose no opportunity which the forms of the House of Commons afforded him of endeavouring to remove the injustice which the bill in its present shape would enact. He had not much hope of success in the House of Commons, but the country must take the matter up. Speaking of the £5 rating franchise, he said, so far as he was concerned, the proposal was gone; nor did he see the circumstances under which it was to be revived. He should, however, take counsel with honest men, and be guided by what in his conscience he believed to be for the good of the country. Speaking of household suffrage, he said that there are not fifty members of the House of Commons honestly in favour of it. Mr. Bright, in answer to cries made for him, spoke very briefly, urging that meetings should be held everywhere, and petitions poured in against the Reform Bill unceasingly.

On the 20th inst. the first stone of the Hall of Arts and Sciences, at South Kensington, will be laid by the Queen.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.
ANNIVERSARIES

| D. W. V. | | | | | | H. W. L. B. | A. M. | P. M. |
|----------|----|--------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-------------|-------|-------|
| 19 | S | 4th Sunday after Easter | ... | ... | ... | 2 30 | 2 47 | |
| 20 | M | | ... | ... | ... | 3 5 | 3 23 | |
| 21 | T | Miss Elizabeth died, 1849 | ... | ... | ... | 3 39 | 3 56 | |
| 22 | W | Battle of St. Albans, 1455 | ... | ... | ... | 4 12 | 4 28 | |
| 23 | Th | Sir John Franklin sailed, 1845 | ... | ... | ... | 4 46 | 5 3 | |
| 24 | F | Queen Victoria born, 1819 | ... | ... | ... | 5 22 | 5 40 | |
| 25 | S | Princess Helena born, 1846 | ... | ... | ... | 6 1 | 6 21 | |

Moon's changes.....Last Quarter, 25th day, 5h. 28m. a.m.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the Editor, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

MEDICAL GALVANISM is now recognised as one of the most useful adjuncts to the science of Medicine, and is becoming more used by the medical profession than any other new invention for the relief or cure of disease, especially as in most cases it obviates the use of medicines. As it is impossible to answer the numerous correspondents who have inquired respecting the proper apparatus to be used and the diseases for which Medical Galvanism is most useful, we have great pleasure in mentioning Mr. Faulkner, Surgeon, Medical Galvanist, of 49, Enderbury-street, Bloomsbury, and 42, Roseberry-villa, as one who will give any information on the subject. He also has a large number of Medical Galvanic Apparatus by various makers for sale at moderate prices.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

Notes on Current Topics.

LORD DERBY'S remarks in the House of Lords on Monday night are probably the last that we shall hear for some time to come on the Luxemburg question. The conditions of the treaty are declared to be similar to what they have already been understood to be: Prussia evacuates the fortress; she consents to its being demolished; and the whole of the Grand Duchy is neutralised under a collective guarantee of the great Powers. Lord Derby gives us to understand that this guarantee is dependent for its efficacy on the concurrence of all the parties to it—in other words, all that is wanting, in order to abolish our liability in respect of it, is for some other parties to the contract to renege it; and then there is an end of our liability altogether. At this rate, one is led to ask where is the virtue of the guarantee rests; for surely, a treaty without a guarantee would be of equal force. The manner in which we dealt with the Danish Treaty of 1851 no doubt lends some force to this view of the question, although in that case there was no formal guarantee entered into. But it is well to have it plainly stated from the lips of a prime minister at the time what the guarantee we have given really amounts to, which seems to be very like nothing at all.

We are glad to notice that the efforts which are being made to bring a visit to the great Exhibition in Paris within the means of the working men of England, are receiving an encouraging degree of public support. We learn from the report of a meeting held at the Whittington Club, that already many of the practical arrangements have been completed. Mr. Hodgson Pratt announced that he had seen the Emperor and the French Commission appointed to look after the French workmen, the result of which interviews was that a large and comfortable building has been placed at the service of the committee, for the use of the excursionists, on the condition that 200 per week are carried over. Mr. Cook has undertaken to pass the first batch the first week in June, at a cost, including railway fare there and back, with lodging for the week, of only 30s. per head. A guide and interpreter is also provided. The large industrial establishments of Paris are to be thrown open to English workmen, free of charge. It is calculated that the English workman can spend a week in Paris at a total outlay of not more than £3; and this is a boon of which we may be assured thousands will gratefully avail themselves.

THERE is a report abroad that it is the intention of the Duke of Edinburgh, within a short period, to pay a visit to India, in his capacity of commander of H.M.S. *Gulistan*; and the rumour has excited the utmost gratification through all the provinces of our great empire in the East. Indeed, it has had the effect of reviving an old discussion as to the propriety and probability of a prince of British blood being placed upon the Indian throne. The *Bombay Gazette* says that the projected visit alluded to will have a very beneficial effect. "The great fuss," remarks that journal, "that is made by the natives about Queen Victoria is not so much homage paid to the sovereign of England itself as to the unknown power which they have discovered by experience can alone check and diminish the absolute rule of the administrative government of this country, and which, therefore, they have learned to regard as a useful court of appeal. The policy of a prince of the royal house paying an occasional visit to India is much to be commended."

It is satisfactory to find that the question of providing funds for the reception and entertainment of the Belgian volunteers, on the occasion of their visit to this country, has at length been taken up in earnest, and the result promises to be eminently satisfactory. How the deceased historian of Snobs will grin when, in the Elysian Fields, he hears the news that this alteration in the state of affairs emanates entirely from the fact that a royal prince has become the patron of the proceedings, which henceforward bear the fashionable impress. At the same time, it is but right to acknowledge that Colonel Lindsay, Lord Dury, and Sir B. Phillips, who were heroes in Brussels last autumn, have all contributed handsomely to the return fete. It will not be so difficult to amuse our guests as has been anticipated. The *braves Belges* are by no means so cynical as Frenchmen, and are much simpler in their tastes. They are more of the country than our own, to whom we offer the bottom of the Thames Tunnel, the top of the Monument and the wax-work show at Madame Tussaud's as choice specimens of our London amusements. The few Belgians who came over last year returned enormously delighted at the spirit of hospitality which had shown itself in the camaraderie of the camp, and the unlimited "restauration" of a liquid kind which was perpetually proffered and invariably accepted. Let us do our best to give our visitors a pleasant time, and we may be certain we shall succeed.

A RECENT telegram from Bombay states that little hope of Livingstone's safety is now entertained at Zanzibar; but it gives us no free reasons for that despondency, since it is a mere platitude to remind us that "one of the most savage tribes in Africa was known to be on his route." We are glad, at any rate, whatever may be the state of opinion at Zanzibar, that the preparations for the expedition in search of the great traveller are making rapid progress. Mr. E. D. Young, who served with Livingstone on the Zambesi in the *Pioneer*, has selected his companions, three in number, all well acclimatized. Mr. Reed, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, has himself designed a portable steel vessel for their use; the drawings, plans, and models were completed at Chatham Dockyard on Friday; and she will be put together with all possible despatch. The steel and charcoal-iron plates of which she is built would go far to satisfy the eyes of a boating man by their tenuity, being just one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; and, as the heaviest sections do not weigh more than forty pounds, the overland transit will not be matter of any difficulty. Already, it will be seen, the expedition has had one good result, in showing us how light a craft can be built of the strongest material for exploring service, just as we gradually learnt from the experiments of Sir Leopold McClintock, Captain Sherard Osborn, and other officers engaged in the search for Franklin, how to supersede the old burdensome and cumbersome processes of sleighing by new sleighs that would "go anywhere and do anything." The boat is expected to be ready by the end of the month, and Mr. Young and his companions will in that case leave England on the 10th of June. The best wishes of all that is manly in Great Britain will go with them.

A SWISS gentleman, speaking no English, went to visit a sister-in-law residing at Dicing, in April last. On his return to London he had to change trains at Bletchley, and being somewhat perplexed as to the carriage into which he was to transfer himself, was politely assisted by four other gentlemen, who entered the train with him. As soon as it started his new friends proposed a game at cards, and on his declining to play, seized him, robbed him, and were proceeding to further violence, when he contrived to open the carriage door and jump out, whilst the train was at speed. He then found his way back to Bletchley, from whence he was passed on by the station-master to London. This romance of the rail-road is communicated to the *Times* by "F. L. S.," as an additional argument for insisting upon communication being immediately established between passengers and guards.

MR. McLAREN, the Radical member for Edinburgh, has written a letter to explain how he came to vote with the Government on the Reform Bill last week, after voting against them on all occasions previously. The hon. member explains at some length what we understand in England by compound householders (there are none in Scotland), and goes on to say that when the Government determined to allow the compounder, on claiming to be rated, to deduct from his landlord the full amount which he paid, he (Mr. McLaren) came to the conclusion that any working man might now, by taking a little trouble, get the franchise. He therefore thought it his duty, remembering that he had promised to deal with the bill on its merits, to support it. He adds: "My own conviction is very strong, that, if anything should occur to throw out the present bill, the Conservative party will exercise such powers of obstruction as they undoubtedly possess in both Houses of Parliament to defeat any bill introduced by a Liberal Government which might be thought better than the one now before Parliament, for several years, and thus indefinitely delay the cause of Reform." Moreover, Mr. McLaren says he has not been influenced by the prospect of a Liberal measure of Reform for Scotland.

The *Telegraph* warns the working men that it is not by intimidation that their cause will prosper in the present state of society. They must seek their own welfare by less ignoble and degrading measures; and the dawning statesmanship of the great class who live by manual labour, has already suggested a wiser and more fruitful course of action. The history of trade, especially during the last half-century, indicates the true path of progress. The workmen are now imitating their employers, and striving with all their might to put themselves on the same level. What they require most is information touching the real causes that regulate the rise and fall of wages, the growth and decay of great branches of industry. When they lay down the law that man ought to have a certain amount of wages, they approach the question from a wrong point of view. The idea of "justice" in this sense is altogether misleading. The true method is to master the facts of the case; having done so, the artisan can enter on a discussion with the same advantages as his employer. At one time the Unionists were blind to that fact, but now, as their representatives before the Royal Commission have stated, they see the necessity of getting the most accurate information respecting the state of every trade. Even now, indeed, the artisans are in many cases too reckless, and they have still much to do before they can give completeness to their system of ascertaining what rate of wages they may hope to exact. They often forget also that a trade may be made extensive, and far more profitable to the workmen, by the joint exertions of all parties, based on equal, or nearly equal, information; and this end might be promoted more than it is now by councils of arbitration, by chambers of industry, or by the employment of any other machinery calculated to give every body of workmen, collectively or individually, the fullest details as to the prosperity of their trade. That is the true way of diminishing strikes and lock-outs alike; and its adoption may be advised as much in the interests of the masters as of the men; for all suffer in some proportion from the effects of the rude method of adjusting differences which has too long been in fashion throughout the world.

The construction of the new street from Blackfriars to the Mansion House will occasion a large number of evictions in a district which, if not densely populated, at all events affords shelter to numerous families of the poorer classes. The hardship which will be entailed upon these unfortunate persons, and especially upon the small shopkeepers, was represented to Sir John Thwaites this morning by an influential deputation. Sir John listened with great attention and sympathy to the statements which were made, but pointed out that the Metropolitan Board of Works has no power to award compensation in such cases without the authority of Parliament. He intimated that if any means could be discovered by which the board might be legally justified in making compensation, the money for that purpose would be cheerfully voted. Those who have taken up the cause of the evicted poor are making their influence felt.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

London by Night.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Going up to-night, Frank?"

How quickly a man discovers the friendly outlines of a familiar face, even amidst the confusion and tumult of Charing-cross railway station! I had fancied myself unrecognized, as I lured against the arched brick doorway, nearly shrouded in shadow, watching the hurried, anxious faces that came and went under the flickering gas-lights; yet here was Carew's hand on my shoulder, and Carew's genial countenance looking into mine. We had been close friends and allies two years ago, when he had been conductor and I was engineer on the same train. Tempted by a more liberal offer, I had left my post on the "Lady Franklin," and undertaken the supervision of a large machine shop; yet I still retained a pleasant recollection of my railway days, and to-night, as I stood on the old familiar ground, with the well-known sights and sounds around me, and the "Lady" gliding out of her place of shelter with burnished sides and flaming headlight, I almost wished myself back again in my old post.

"Yes, I thought I should. How's the old Lady? Holds her own pretty well?"

"Better than the new ones a deal!" said the conductor, enthusiastically viewing the fiery-throated monster as she puffed and groaned, ran backward a few steps, and then darted forward, in a manner entirely enigmatical to any but our initiated selves.

"She looks as trim as a city belle."

"Yes; MacLeod keeps her well up. I say, Frank, MacLeod's wife is going through to-night."

I knew he was looking closely at me, scrutinizing my countenance; but I managed with an effort to say, quite carelessly and unceremoniously: "Is she?"

Carew had known all about the one disastrous love affair of my youth; he knew perfectly well that pretty Isabel Martin had suddenly turned round and married John MacLeod, had after encouraging my suit for nearly a year; and he knew also how sensitive I still was on the subject. I had not blamed Isabel so much as some might have been disposed to do; she was very young, and entirely under the influence of her father, with whom MacLeod was a great favourite. But none the less I had received a great and enduring shock.

"Poor little Isabel," said Carew, as he reached up to turn down a long jet of gas that threatened to crack its glass globe, "I rather think she has got pretty well sick of MacLeod by this time."

"Why? Does he ill-treat her?"

"Well, I don't suppose he either locks her up on bread and water, or beats her; but I do suppose that in every other particular in which a man can neglect or ill-treat a woman she is neglected and ill-treated."

"The old brute!" I muttered, between my teeth.

"Well—I shall see you again," said Carew, vanishing into the crowd with a sinuous ease and swiftness peculiar, I believe, to the race of conductors.

It was a tempestuous night in March—the wind howling and shrieking like an infuriated demon, and the rain beating a stormy fugue on the depot-roof, as I advanced to help a woman in who carried a heavy basket.

"Excuse me, madam, but that is too heavy for you to lift."

She looked up to thank me, but the words died on her lips as her eyes met mine. It was Isabel MacLeod, the lost love whom I still cherished in my heart of hearts, and the wife of the engineer on the Dover express. I was the first to recover my composure—for this, be it remembered, was the first time we had met since her marriage, more than three years before.

"Here is a vacant seat, Isabel: do you wish to sit so near the stove?"

"It makes no difference," said Isabel, hurriedly, "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Atwater."

"How does it happen that you are going through such a stormy night?" I asked, unmindful of her evident anxiety to be left alone.

"I do not know myself, except that John wishes it."

Still I lingered. "Is there anything more I can do for you, Isabel?"

There was no answer. I stooped my head a little lower.

"Isabel, you are crying! What has grieved you? Isabel, tell me what the trouble is."

"Nothing—nothing," she sobbed behind her veil. "Only—I had not seen you in so long a time, and it was like the old days once more; and—and I am very foolish. Please leave me now, won't you?"

I obeyed her, puzzled and indignant. Carew was right. A happy wife does not burst out crying when she meets the friends of her girlhood; a happy wife's look is far, far different from that pale, frightened face. I felt strongly inclined to go straight out to John MacLeod's post on the "Lady Franklin," and administer a summary thrashing then and there.

But I checked my rising choler, as the train was now under full motion. It was very pleasant to find myself once again on the old familiar ground, when we stopped for the first time. The brakeman all had a word of respectful greeting for me. The express guard issued from his den and demanded to know "where I had been larking all this time," and even the news-boys grinned as they slid past, and accosted me with "How d'ye do, Mr. Atwater?"

We got into motion again, and sped along gaily. I leant against the tender and fell asleep.

But all at once our train slackened its motion, moved more slowly still, and came to a dead standstill. I knew we were an express that stopped but twice before we reached our final destination, and this lonely pine-barren was certainly neither of our stopping-places.

"What is it, Carew?" I asked, swinging myself on to the ground where the fireman stood with his lantern in hand, looking under a car.

"Only a box heated. Confound that Warren! what made him report 'all right' with such a worn box as that? These patent boxes are continually getting hot in the shortest runs, and ain't fit for expresses at all."

"We can cool it in fifteen minutes," said one of the guards who had his tow and water ready for packing it anew.

"Fifteen minutes! and the Hastings express to catch us at B—"

"It's too bad to get in behind the Hastings train," I said.

"Worse for me than MacLeod, for though Warren's to blame, I catch the curses. Well, Truett, do the best you can."

In spite of Truett's sanguine prophecy, it was full twenty-five minutes before we were again under way. I had gone back to Isabel MacLeod, whose dilated blue eyes were glancing from one

to another, in the apprehensive agony of terror, that no one but a nervous woman can fully appreciate.

"Frank—Mr. Atwater! do tell me what is the matter?"

"Only a 'hot box'—there is no occasion for uneasiness."

"Upon your sacred honour?"

"Upon my sacred honour. Why, Isabel, how frightened you are! I can see you tremble even here. What is the matter, child?"

"If you have a moment to spare, I will tell you," she said, hurriedly. "I know it is a piece of mad folly—a delusion; but I must tell somebody, or I shall go mad!"

I leant forward with my elbows on the window of the carriage.

"Well, then," she went on, speaking in a husky, nervous whisper, "he is very peculiar—full of the strangest fancies. When I first married him I thought it was superstition merely—now—"

She paused.

"Well—now?" I questioned.

"Now, I do not know what to think. Oh, Mr. Atwater, I ought not to say so, I know, but I am the most miserable creature in the world."

"Isabel!"

"I am. He threatens sometimes to shut me up in a mad-house, and perhaps I should be happier there than subject to his whims and cruelties. Why do you suppose he brought me here to-night?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"He told me," she whispered, clasping her hands tightly together as she spoke, "that we were coming to our death to-night, and we must come together! Oh, Frank, what do you suppose he means?"

"Only to terrify you," I said, soothingly. "He is a bundle of old Scotch superstitions, and always was."

"And, Frank, once when I thought I heard footsteps close behind us, and turned my head to see, he jerked my arm and told me not to look—that—oh, Frank, it makes my blood run cold now—that it was Death walking at our side!"

"But, Isabel, surely you will not allow yourself to be influenced by such folly as this?"

"I told you it was folly," she answered, dejectedly; "but—"

A hand was laid on my arm at this moment—the hand of Carew, the conductor.

"Frank, look here, I want to speak to you," he said, hurriedly. "Come here on to the engine."

I followed him out into the stormy darkness of the March night, where his lantern gleamed like a sullen, shifting eye.

We got on the engine, where MacLeod was, and then I said:

"What is it? Any thing wrong?"

"Yes, and no. Of course you know we're nearly half an hour behind time, with not quite thirty minutes between us and the 'Hastings.'"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, that old fool MacLeod has turned crusty, and says if we don't run out on the side track at the next station, and wait for it to pass, he'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"Who wants him to be answerable?" I demanded, with considerable acerbity, not to say disdain.

"Well, he says it's a bad night, track slippery, and all that sort of thing; and I suppose it's all very true. But you know the 'Lady Franklin' of old. She'll keep the thirty minutes between us and the other, won't she?"

"I should say there was no kind of doubt as to that. Ain't you going to make up that lost time?"

"That's just the trouble. That crack-brained old Scotch fool wants to stop and lose another half-hour which we may just as well gain, and run on to B—in time, as to come trailing along behind them. But MacLeod refuses to run her, unless I consent to his conditions. Frank, why can't you take the old 'Lady' into B—?"

"I'll do it with all the pleasure in life."

Carew's face brightened at once.

"What a lucky thing it is you chanced to be on the train!" he said. "I should have been entirely at Mac's mercy if it hadn't been for you. Come on! there's no time to be lost."

I now turned my attention to MacLeod, who sat among his screws, and valves, and dials, like some magician of old surrounded by the abstruse implements of his art. How like home this tiny place appeared to me! It seemed almost as if the "Lady Franklin" shot more swiftly over the track as I stepped upon her. MacLeod inclined his head stiffly. He was a tall, spare Scotchman, with deep-set blue eyes, thatched with shaggy brows, and hair already thickly sprinkled with gray, though he could scarcely have been more than forty years old. His face was cold and repulsive, and his manner forbidding in the extreme degree. Moreover, he had a way, exceedingly unpleasant to the spectator, of continually looking over his shoulder, with a sort of spasmodic motion, as if he had suddenly seen or heard something close behind him. As I sat down beside him, he suddenly pointed to the place beyond.

"Sit there, if you please, Mr. Atwater."

I wondered, but complied, and Carew spoke pleasantly:

"Well, MacLeod, shall we put on steam and drive her ahead?"

"No, Mr. Carew," said the Scotchman, coldly and firmly.

"Either we run on, as I have explained, or I leave the engine."

"But why are you so determined?" I asked.

"I don't conceive it my business to answer any of your questions, Francis Atwater," said MacLeod, "but I have no objection to gratify your curiosity. I am 'so determined' because I see farther than you, or Mr. Carew here, and I see danger—danger!"

"How, and where?"

"You a practical engineer, and ask where is the danger on such a night as this, with the express close behind, and we twenty-five minutes after our time? Boy, do you know that we are responsible, not only for Atwater and Carew, and John MacLeod, but for all the passengers in this train? Do you want the sin of murder on your soul?"

He spoke in a sharp voice that was almost a scream.

"That is not the question," said Carew, "and all nonsense besides. Isn't the light hung out behind, and can't you tell when we are gaining or losing time? Once for all, will you or will you not do your best to gain time and keep ahead of the Hastings train?"

No, I will not," he answered, sullenly.

"Very well, here is a substitute that will. Make room for Mr. Atwater."

"He can do as he pleases," said MacLeod, stiffly, rising to yield me his place. I washed my hands of the whole thing, now and hereafter. Bear witness, Carew and Atwater, that I protest against this rash and foolhardy thing!"

Not a word more did he utter, but sat down silent and rigid as a galvanized corpse, watching me with his deep-set eyes until the

very consciousness of that steady surveillance made me uncomfortable—uncomfortable, but not nervous: I never, in the whole course of my life, was more entirely in possession of all my faculties, or more composed, than at that moment, as I mechanically examined screws and valves and satisfied myself as to the correctness of every detail. All was right; MacLeod was a good engineer, if not an agreeable companion.

"Now then, my 'Lady,'" I said to myself, "we'll see if you keep up all your old pluck."

I turned to give some directions to the fireman, and when I was about to sit down MacLeod seized my arm.

"Not there! I tell you not there!"

"And why not there?" I demanded, with a momentary fear crossing my mind that the man was deranged.

"Because another already occupies the place," he cried, in the shrill, shrieking voice he often used when much excited. "Death is a passenger on this train with us, and Death sits there ghastly and still! No, I know you don't see him; but second sight is a gift in the family I come from, and I see him. I would have warned off his fell errand, but you—you and that cursed Carew wouldn't let me. Now go your own mad, reckless way, and see where it will bring you; and remember, Frank Atwater, that it's not your own worthless life that hangs in the balance, but the lives of all who travel on this train."

Argument with a man in this excited frame of mind would have been but folly. I sat down without a word, smiling in spite of myself, and resumed my intent supervision of the engine, while MacLeod sat silently by with folded arms.

Never did the "Lady Franklin" show finer mettle than on that night. The machinery was perfect, the cranks well oiled, the heat steady and intense. The fireman worked in concert with me, fully comprehending my intentions, and the "Lady" rushed over the rails like a living, breathing thing.

"How are you getting along, Frank?" asked Carew, coming forward with his lantern, as we left our first stopping-place.

"Oh, splendidly!" I answered.

"I have just telegraphed back to New Cross; we have gained five minutes on the Hastings train already."

"I thought we were gaining," I replied, quietly. But I was very much excited. The idea of pressing this magnificent piece of machinery to her utmost speed; of eluding the lightning pursuit of the express which followed—pursued us; of identifying my own nerves and sinews with the iron and steel of the "Lady Franklin," was exciting in itself, nor had MacLeod's wild talk been entirely without effect on me. I was not superstitious; but we all know the mesmeric effect which the strong belief of another person, however ill-founded that belief may be, invariably exerts upon the mind. That MacLeod firmly believed that he and I were not alone in this little glazed compartment, I entertained no doubt; and his horror reacted upon me, baseless though I knew it to be.

"I wish we were at our journey's end," I thought, leaning my elbows on the wood-work and gazing out into the stormy night, athwart which our huge headlight threw a streaming banner of lurid light as it rushed along. At that instant my shoulder was touched.

"Atwater," said MacLeod, in a husky, unnatural voice, "if you have any prayers to say, say them now. Death is very, very near to you!"

A cold chill ran through me.

"I am always prepared to meet death," I answered, trying to speak composedly.

"Death—yes; but not death by suicide. You will be a suicide, Francis Atwater; nor do I wish longer to interfere. The hour of grace is past."

"Oh, MacLeod! don't talk nonsense. Go on the tender and sleep the liquor off."

"Liquor! You think I'm drunk. You think I'm mad. You take me to be superstitious. I heard you—I heard you talking to her. You'd best keep clear of her, young man. You see this, eh?" and he drew a huge knife from his bosom.

"Yes, I see it," I answered, laying my hand on the brake, as if I could use it for defence.

"With this I could have silenced you long ago, and saved the victims you are sacrificing. But I prefer not. What is to be, is to be. As well might I endeavour to stem the ocean with a straw, as to check the tide of fate with my feeble hand! Only I would warn you to say a word or two of prayer before the fatal moment comes."

My heart seemed to stand still with deadly terror. Was I indeed shut up in this narrow spot with a maniac? Would I be murdered before I could call for help? But I remembered that in coolness and presence of mind lay my only chance of safety, and resolved to abide the result. We were now putting on brakes for our second stopping-place. MacLeod sprang out upon the platform as we stopped, and went into a bar-room adjoining the station. I went back and spoke to one of the brakemen, an athletic man, with thews and sinews of iron, and the stature of a giant.

"Jim," I said, in a low voice—his name was Jim Torrance—"I want you to keep your eye on MacLeod, and come on the locomotive with me. He talks and acts very strangely to-night, and he may attempt some violence."

"I saw him draw out that outlandish knife o' his, sir, a minute or two ago," said Jim, shrewdly. "I could easily jerk it away from him when we're movin' again."

"No, I do not wish you to use force of any kind, unless it is absolutely necessary. I think he is harmless; but it's just as well to keep a little watch over him."

"He's queer," said Jim. "I'll keep an eye on him."

Once more, after a few minutes' stop, the little signal-bell sounded "Go ahead!" the brakes moved noisily, and the wheels began to revolve. MacLeod had not returned to his place by my side, and I began heartily to hope that he designed to favour me with no more of his society. I was overjoyed to feel this, and, in much lighter spirits than usual, I let on the steam, and was soon going at a rapid rate. Three or four hundred yards from the depot the road ran through a deep cut, and just beyond it was a corresponding "fill" or embankment, about ten feet high. The engineers, that is the "surveyors," as we mechanical engineers insist, half-sneeringly, in calling them, had, with very bad taste, made a "compound curve" here, so that before entering the cut I could see nothing in it, and when I was in the cut I could see nothing beyond it. So, of course, we had to go through with whistle blowing, and usually at a slow gait. But feeling in good spirits at MacLeod's absence, the prospect of a good run, having the "Lady" in fine condition, with the trains we were to meet reported "all right" and the tract clear, I "let the dogs loose," opened valves, dashed through the cut, and—

Very, very nearly into eternity! Danger is said to be very fascinating; it is particularly so when you see it coming, have time to reflect upon it, and plan and execute a rescue, or what you hope to prove so. I saw it plainly this night, the rail half removed, the figure of the madman still bent at his hellish work. I saw him as

he completed it, saw him shake his fist savagely at me, and jump aside to watch the slaughter he had plotted. I was not a second in sounding "down brakes," not an instant in reversing the engine, but nothing could have saved that train except the madman's "lack of method," or want of the skill of the despised surveyors. For want of this knowledge, perhaps for want of time, MacLeod had removed but one rail, and that the inside one of the curve. I knew if I could check the "Lady's" speed she would not leave the track, as the outside rail is the one which guides the train on a curve, and this was impact. Jim Torrance had come on the locomotive with me, and I turned to tell him to jump for his life, when I saw him standing upright in the centre of the tender, grasping a huge block of wood, and his eyes gleaming like coals. It was no time to look after his safety. I saw him hurl the stick of wood at MacLeod as he ran down the embankment, and the next minute we struck the ground, and plunged into the brake.

My calculations had been correct. Jolting violently over several cross-ties, shattering "cowcatcher" and "headlight," smashing the baggage and first passenger car, throwing Jim Torrance with great violence from the tender on to the locomotive, leaving him senseless by the shock, and nearly throwing me on to the boiler, the "Lady" struck and stopped without leaving the track, except upon the side where MacLeod had removed the rail. We were disabled for the time, with nobody but Jim seriously injured.

Except MacLeod. Jim's aim had been too true, and the block of wood hurled with all his force, gaining additional velocity from that of the train, had struck MacLeod as he ran and felled him senseless—the fact is, as we soon found, dead. The billet had struck him and killed him. Jim Torrance was never tried for it on earth; poor fellow, he's gone since, and I don't much think they recorded any verdict against him in heaven.

After Jim was taken care of, the lanterns put out ahead and behind us to warn approaching trains, and the disabled train was gone through to see after the wounded, John MacLeod's corpse was taken up and carried back to the station which he had just left.

"Frank," said Carew, when matters were slightly settled again, "who is to tell this story to Mac's wife?"

"She does not suspect anything—that is, she don't know how it occurred."

"She knows there has been an accident, but she doesn't know that Mac was thrown out of the locomotive, and is the only one killed."

Good! Even Carew did not suspect how MacLeod had been felled by Torrance's blow and killed.

"I will tell her," I said, determined that she should never know his crime, nor learn how he had been terribly and suddenly punished.

Her grief was terrible to witness. She lay on my shoulder, and sobbed half the night away; but it was less from love of the man, who had always been cruel to her, than from her woman's nervousness. At the inquest next day, when she identified his body, and told the story of his misanthropy and superstition to the jury, she was more collected, and surprised me by her calmness. The jury thought its course in the matter plain sailing—no suspicion of the man's crime arose. Torrance and myself were not examined; we kept our secret to ourselves, and the jury brought in its verdict of "Death by accident." They knew nothing of his chief incentive to the crime—the chief cause of his death—jealousy.

I have told the story of my midnight trip on the "Lady Franklin." Is it necessary to tell any more? Sudden transitions from death-scenes to marriage ceremonies are always as offensive in the telling as in the hearing; and therefore I think it useless, as well as in bad taste, to waste further words in saying that just one year and a half after the fatal accident I took Isabel home as my wife, and that ever since, by God's help, I've made her a happy wife, and repaired the wrongs of her youth, by being a good and kind husband to her.

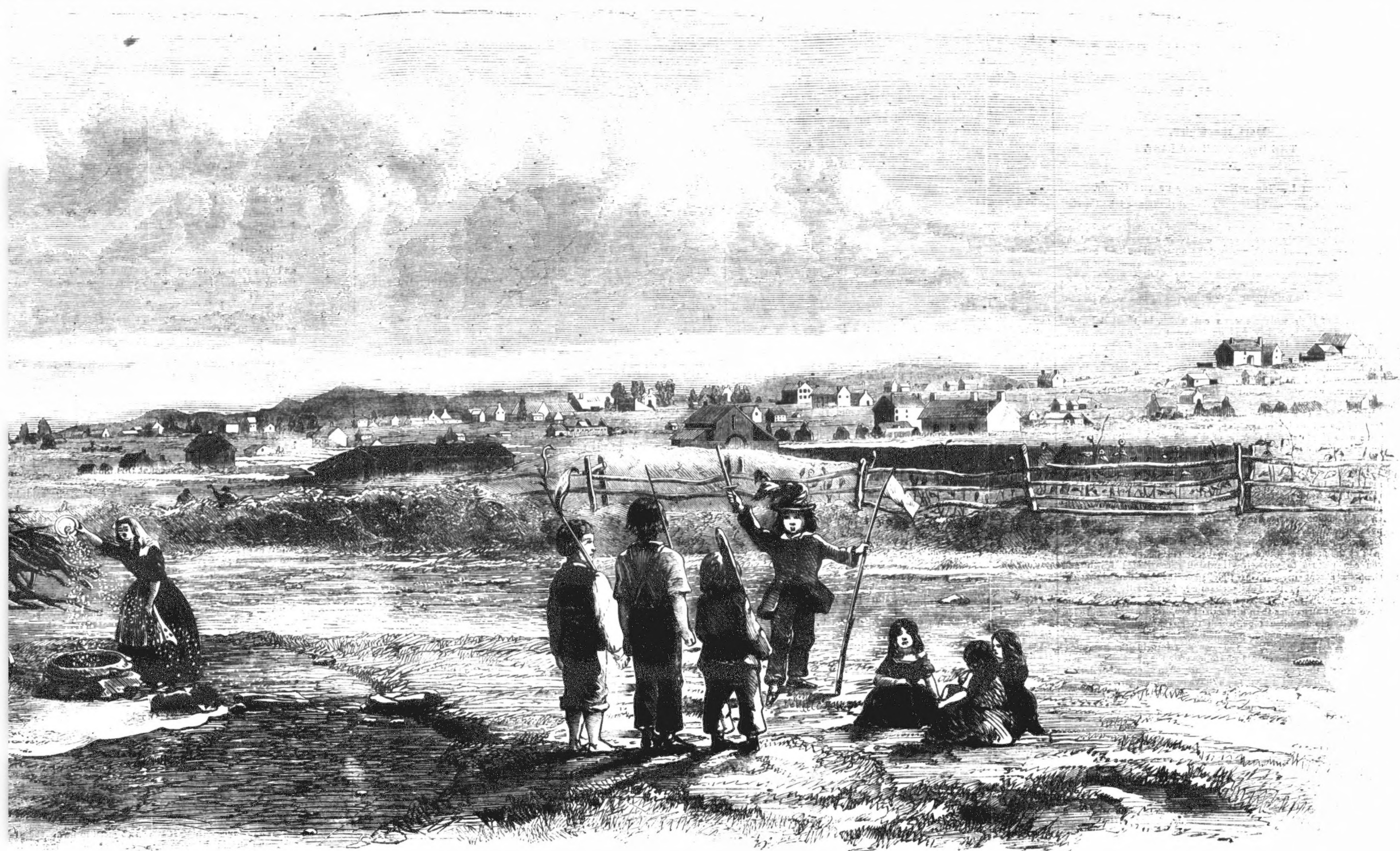
THE GARDEN.

OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.—Dull weather is the best for bedding-out, and if it can be done just before rain, much labour of watering will be saved. But when the ground is absolutely wet, bedding cannot be done properly, and had best be deferred a few days. When the plants are counted off and sorted for their places, let them go nearly dry; they will then turn out better than if the balls are wet. Plants that have not quite yet filled their pots with roots, turn out in complete balls, remove the crocks, and close in without breaking the balls; but those that are absolutely pot-bound must have the ball slightly loosened, to enable the roots to push out easily into the free soil. Plants brought in from nurseries should be put in a cold frame for a week before planting them, and the last day or two keep them wholly uncovered, to get quite hard for planting. If there are no frames to spare, let them lie about for a few days anywhere moderately sheltered. If these precautions are neglected, the result will be a crop of yellow leaves, and the deferring perhaps a fortnight of the season of full bloom; so a proper amount of care and a little reasonable delay will be a gain of time in the end. In planting, put out calceolarias, antirrhinums, penstemons, stocks, and other of the hardiest kinds first. Geraniums, verbenas, petunias, and other soft-wooded plants from spring cuttings, will be the better for bedding if they have a little more care under glass. There is nothing gained by turning them out before they are strong enough for the purpose. Strong plants of all kinds, except lantanas and tropical foliage plants, may be put out now with perfect safety.

THE GREAT HALL, LINCOLN'S INN.

WHEN entered at its upper end from the vestibule, in which direction the great south window comes in view, the great hall of Lincoln's Inn has a most imposing effect. It is incontestably the finest apartment of the kind in the metropolis, after Westminster Hall. The most striking effect, as to colour, is that which arises from the display of it in the windows, whose upper halves above their transoms are entirely filled in with heraldic embellishments and devices, in such manner as to produce not only brilliancy, but soberness also. The front gallery, over the screen at the lower end, is divided into five open arches, the piers between which are occupied by statues. Over the northern entrance is the celebrated work, removed from the old hall, of "Paul preaching before Felix," by Hogarth. (See illustration on our front page.)

The treaty respecting Luxemburg has been signed at the London Conference, and is to be ratified at the latest in four weeks. The Prussians will then withdraw their forces and evacuate the fortress, after having removed their stores and war material. Luxemburg will remain in the Zollverein.



THE MORMON SETTLEMENT.—VIEW OF UTAH, ON THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

accit. Brigham Young, jun., looks like a substantial yeoman who has lived up to his privileges in the temporal good things of life. Orson Pratt has a very different aspect, his patriarchal setting off strongly-marked massive features, of which he might have hesitated to pronounce whether they belonged to a man or a mask. "It is the very face of a false prophet," he involuntarily expressed of our companion. The proceedings (after singing and prayer) were business-like. The "travelling elders" gave in their reports in a tone of great satisfaction ("I feel well about it," was their phrase), but not without bitter allusions to false prophecies, and especially the *Josephites*—confirming the fact that the body, which boasts its unity in contrast to a divided kingdom, has already a large dissent within its bosom. The story of the saints was dwelt upon with a satisfaction somewhat at variance with the highly-coloured pictures found in books of hardships endured by Mormon missionaries. Every speaker spoke briefly, but with a wearisome sameness, on the common Mormon doctrine, and ended with a blessing in "the name of Christ," Amen; the Amen being echoed in tones expressive of various degrees of applause. Then came the presidents of the churches of London, Essex, and Kent. (The stronger organisations of Wales and the north-meets at Liverpool, the head-quarters of Mormonism in England.) From them we gather the following facts:—London has ten branches (i.e., congregations), 93 elders, 21 deacons, 1,030 members on the books, of whom from 10 are missing. We were struck with the large proportion of converts, and also with the fact that, while 110 converts were baptized in the course of the year, 44 were excommunicated. As a measure of the hold that Mormonism has on London, money raised in the year has been, (omitting odd shillings and pence for tithes, (which, we believe, go to the building fund for the year), £110; missions, £337; books, £101; individual emigration, £613—all remitted to Liverpool, except what has been retained for the support of the ministry, and for rent of meeting-houses. The latter item amounting to £200. It was added that the year's emigration would be small, as no teams are coming down to the plains, but great preparations are making for when all the Mormons were earnestly exhorted "to clear out their land to their home among the mountains," a desire in most English "Gentiles" will sympathize.

conversion of St. Martin's Hall into a theatre will, it is reported, be at once proceeded with.

DREADFUL MURDER AT DEPTFORD.

At the Greenwich Police-court, on Monday last, Eleanor Bell, aged 54, described as the wife of an engineer, residing at 436, New Cross-road, Deptford, was placed in the dock before Mr. Traill, charged with the wilful murder of her son, William John Bell, aged nine years and six months, by cutting his throat with a knife. Mr. J. T. Moss, solicitor, appeared for the prisoner, a remarkably stout-built person, and who was accommodated with a seat during the inquiry.—Sarah Ann Worstell said she was servant to the prisoner, and had been with her and her husband nine months. The prisoner's husband is a retired chief engineer from the Royal Navy. About four o'clock on Saturday afternoon witness let the prisoner's daughter, Mary Ann, aged 20, out at the street door, and then went downstairs to see the prisoner, but could not find her. In the breakfast-room she found a stream of blood, and near it the body of the deceased son, its head near a packing-case, and the feet on the hearth-rug. Witness immediately ran upstairs, and found the prisoner near the bed-room door, and asked her what was the matter with Willie, when she replied, "He vexed me so, and I was obliged to do it." Witness then met her master coming from the drawing-room, and he went down and brought deceased to the foot of the stairs, while witness ran for the doctor. On returning witness found her master holding her mistress. A knife which was used in cutting bread was found on the table in the breakfast-room with blood upon it. Witness had seen the deceased at twenty-five minutes to four in the afternoon, sitting at the table writing in his copy-book, and the prisoner was then sitting on the other side of the table, with her arms folded. During the afternoon witness heard no noise.

By Mr. Moss: During the past week witness had noticed a peculiarity in the conduct of the prisoner, who would be frequently behind her, being very fidgetty, and not remaining long in one place. The prisoner had been an invalid during the nine months witness had been in her service, and had not left home. Witness had remarked to the prisoner's daughter how fidgetty her mamma was. The prisoner was always very kind to the deceased, and would assist him in his lessons, which he did not like. When witness saw the prisoner near the bedroom door, she appeared very wild, and was rocking herself to and fro, and her eyes appeared to be starting from their sockets; and when her master was holding her she continued rocking herself about.

By Mr. Traill: Witness had never before heard the prisoner complain of deceased having vexed her, in fact—she was always kind and fond of him.

Mr. Hope, surgeon, of Deptford, said he was called by the last witness, and on going to the prisoner's residence he found deceased lying a little on his left side, with a stream of blood, which had flowed from the body towards the cupboard. The deceased was then quite dead, with his throat cut from ear to ear, close to the vertebrae, and an attempt had evidently been made to sever the head from the body. Witness took possession of the knife, which had a large blade.

By Mr. Traill: In witness's opinion there had been several attempts made to sever the head from the body after life was extinct.

Examination continued: Witness then went up stairs into the bedroom, and found the prisoner with her husband, who appeared frantic, asking the prisoner what she had done, and telling her she had killed his boy. The prisoner replied, on witness asking her what she had done, "He aggravated me so;" and then she made a rush towards a drawer, when witness seized her, and ordered his coachman to go for a constable. The prisoner frequently asked for water and beer.

By Mr. Moss: Witness found the prisoner in a state of great excitement, but during the time he remained in the house, about twenty-five minutes, he did not notice anything which would lead him to form an opinion as to her sanity or insanity.

Mrs. Lucy Cockerton said she resided at 440, New Cross-road, and next door but one to the house occupied by prisoner's husband. On Saturday afternoon witness was fetched by the prisoner's servant, and she then saw a great change in the appearance of the prisoner, whom she had not seen for some months before. She had a peculiar wildness in her appearance.

Police-constable King, 255, R division, said he was called to take the prisoner into custody, but that on proceeding to do so she wrung her hands together and said, "He aggravated me to do it." The prisoner asked several times for water, and also for her bonnet, and on sitting down she wrung her hands again, and repeated that deceased had aggravated her. Witness did not notice any blood either on the prisoner's hands or dress.

Sergeant Kittner, 4 R, produced the knife found on the table of the room in which deceased was found, and which had blood on the handle of it.

The witness Worstell was recalled, and said she had cut deceased some bread and butter with the knife which she left in the breakfast-room.

This being the whole of the evidence, the prisoner was committed for trial at the next Old Bailey sessions.

A double crime of somewhat singular character was committed at Hoxton, on Saturday night. It appears that the landlady of the Bridge House Tavern, Whitechapel, had a woman, about 23 years of age, as servant. She had her name, Mary Jane Fletcher: that she was married, but that her husband had deserted her, and left her to maintain her two children as she might be able. These children stayed with her mother, and would do so, whilst she (the servant) was in the house. Early on Saturday evening Mrs. Fletcher asked permission to go to her mother's, to prevent information being given of her whereabouts to her husband, if he should call and inquire for her. After having obtained permission, she determined that she would not go, because, having nothing to be ashamed of, she did not need to fear his calling. So she continued in the house, doing her work, until about eleven o'clock. At that time a man, who looked like a sailor, entered the house, and going up to the bar, asked if Mary Jane Fletcher was in. The landlady replied that she was in the kitchen, and showed the stranger the way there. She had scarcely time to return to the bar before she heard the reports of two pistol shots, one succeeding the other rapidly. She and the other inmates of the house hastened to the kitchen. They saw the man lying on the floor, with a stream of blood issuing from a great wound in his breast. In one hand he held a pistol, and had evidently thrown away another, which was seen on the floor at a little distance from him. Not far from him his wife lay, also on the floor, and her clothes were saturated with blood. She was exclaiming, "Oh Harry, Harry, how could you be so cruel?" Medical aid was at once obtained, but the man appears to have died instantaneously, and the woman only lived for about half an hour. It seems quite certain that the man's only object in seeking his wife was to murder her. His clothes were searched, and in his pockets were found several large bullets, which fitted the horse-pistols which he had fired, a tin canister containing percussion caps, a quantity of gunpowder, his marriage certificate, and money to the amount of about 25s. The bodies were taken to the dead-house to await a coroner's inquiry.

A large deputation of the Manchester "National Reform Union" waited upon Mr. Gladstone on Saturday, to express their confidence in the right hon. gentleman as the leader of the Liberals, and to present to him a programme of what they wished him to lead them to, including manhood suffrage, the ballot, electoral divisions, triennial Parliaments, &c. Mr. Bright, who spoke, advised the preparation of innumerable petitions against the Government measure.

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the Third. THE STRUGGLE AT LAST.

CHAPTER I.—GREAT EXCITEMENT UP THE COURT.

There was great excitement one day at the rag and bottle shop up the court.

One autumnal afternoon, two close-shaved rangers might have been observed slowly to wend their way up Drury-lane, stop at the court's entrance, and there warily take observations and compare notes. There was something curiously angular about the movements of these strangers, as though their knee-joints worked awkwardly, and they came evidently of a stiff-necked generation, and turned their heads with apparent difficulty, as upon a hinge in want of oiling.

The cut of their whiskers was a cut which, in those days, was called mutton chop. They had on heavy boots, and were fresh-faced, and rather innocent-looking men at first sight, with a country air about them, as though they had just come up from the midland counties to do some small stroke of business, or to see the lions and enjoy themselves. Laid, the clothes they wore had a provincial cut about them, and they had water-wakes upon their heads, and one shaved a bit of hair.

But those who were knowing in town life, and familiar with the faces of the celebrities of the day, would have informed you that these were Hardstaff and Copper, of the detective police, and that, by their appearance, it was probable that they had a job on hand, and would presently make a capture.

They had a job on hand, although they made no capture for a long time to come. Upon the previous day information had reached the headquarters in Quod-street, respecting an extensive robbery committed at the house of a lady of fashion at the west end of London, and Messrs. Hardstaff and Copper had had, as the phrase goes, the office given them, and were now on the look-out for the thieves. You may be sure that the first step taken was to look at the premises where the robbery had taken place. Here, you can picture to yourself Hardstaff's contracted frown and Copper's absent manner, as they took their way upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber, occasionally stopping to examine minutely a tiny spot upon a wall paper, which could not have caught any other than a practised eye, or to stoop and pick up a stray pin or fallen tack, which to less knowing ones would have seemed to have had no possible bearing on the case in hand, and probably had not. Can you not also imagine the trembling curiosity of the maid-servants who followed in the great men's wake, and watched the every look and gesture, often afterwards relating all the particulars, with what might have been, upon any other subject, almost tedious minutiae? You know as well as I do the Hardstaff style of nod and wink, when a suggestion is made, and the incredulous smile with which Copper receives information that the ignorant outside world might suppose would puzzle him. And who has not by heart the unvarying conclusion which officers will come to at the end of the visit of inquiry, that they know what "school" has "done the job," and rather fancy, with a little patience, they will be able to lay hands on the principal perpetrator?

There was, in this particular instance, a peculiarity of workmanship which brought the affair right home to a certain Slippery Jim, alias, Bob-eyed Jimmy, the Gun Street boy, which was, upon the authority of Hardstaff, unmistakable. Under three circumstances, and as the slippery bob-eyed one was, according to Copper, close-banly, and could be fished at any moment, it appeared to the undisturbed that the business was as good as settled, and the stolen property almost recovered again. But this was not the case it appeared, for there was a routine which must be gone through, and certain forms to be attended to.

"For," said Copper, "We don't only want to catch Jimmy, we must have all the lying while we are about it—or try to."

The butler here wisely ventured to suggest that if his mistress could get back the jewels he did not think the punishment of "the biling" would be of great moment to her, but Copper, looking down upon him, asked in his laziest manner, and with his least mischievous smile, who was to catch the thief, and whether his (Copper's) services were required, or her ladyship was going to do it herself in her own way, in which case he (Copper) would respectfully withdraw.

Fearing the hopelessness of affairs generally, should this dreadful deprivation occur, the butler hastily apologized for what he had said, which indeed, he hastened to explain, he had never meant should be taken that way, and hoped that there was no offence.

The Copper easily-graciously made answer: "Of course not. We have all our lines, sir, haven't we? You have yours, and we have ours. We've been in ours some little time, and we don't generally get very far out—not generally."

To this the butler replied, that if Mr. Copper said they never did it would be nearer the truth, and hoped that on their way down stairs they would look into his room and take a glass of wine.

You may be sure that on the way down stairs, they did avail themselves of this invitation, and, seated cross-legged in Mr. Wingbee's sanctum, related some of those wondrous anecdotes which are as household words in the mouths of the detective officers. There was the story of the shirt button, picked upon the floor of the room where the deed of blood had been perpetrated, which, carried about for eighteen months in Mr. Hardstaff's waistcoat pocket, led in the end to the identification and subsequent conviction of the murderer, who all that time had been at large with a shirt button missing on his breast. There were this and half-a-score of other legends kindly related for the butler's edification, and then, the office being finished, it was time to go, and the officers took their leave, leaving no more time to spare; and the butler went straightway to inform our ladyship how Hardstaff and Copper knew exactly who had done it, and how they meant to catch him.

"When?" asked her ladyship.

But they had not time to answer most likely directly, for what the butler could say to the contrary—perhaps that very morning.

But, strange to say, when they and Mr. Wingbee had parted company, the two detectives were not nearly as sanguine regarding the result of their inquiries.

"Make a long job out of this, Copper, eh?"

"Fortnight, easy."

"And go to looking up the fence?"

"Might as well, perhaps, but we shall find anything."

"Might find something else. Look's active. Let's try Johnson's place, up that court out of Drury-lane, to begin with."

This was just one of those lucky chances which now and then make a man's fortune; for when Hardstaff was fixing upon Mr. Johnson's shop, he had the remotest notion that he had fixed upon the right one, or that at that very moment some of the stolen property was hidden away in Mr. Johnson's back parlour.

When the policemen arrived at the end of the court, they separated, as has been shown before, and approached the shop by different routes, not because there was any particular end to be gained by so doing, but that such a proceeding had about it a look of knowingness, which might strike terror into the heart of the wrong-doers, and convince them that it was no good trying any of their tricks, when Hardstaff and Copper had made up their minds to be down on them.

Just outside the shop, when the police officers approached, they found Ikey Mo taking the air, which he took mixed with tobacco, perhaps objecting to it in a raw state as too strong for him; and he was seated upon a stool by the door, with his legs stretched out, so that it was necessary to step over them to enter the shop. At sight of Mr. Hardstaff the youthful Ikey took his pipe out of his mouth, and blowing a cloud of smoke in the policeman's direction, whistled once very shrilly behind it, and would probably have whistled again had not Copper adventurously clutched him by the throat and sent off the sound abruptly.

"What are you doing on?" Now, then!" This from Ikey in a tone of bitter injury, and guarding himself with his right arm as he spoke.

"What are you doing on?" retorted Copper.

"No harm, I ain't," replied the Jew boy. "Mindin' the things—what else?"

"They don't want mindin', rubbish like that," said Copper, lancing contemptuously towards the rag and rusty iron displayed before Mr. Johnson's window. —truly not a tempting show of merchandise, and one which none but very miserable thieves indeed would have been likely to meddle with.

"Who's inside?" said Copper; and, without waiting for a reply, stepped across the threshold.

Mother Squelcher was inside, and at that moment busily employed with a heap of odds and ends under the counter—so busily, indeed, she did not seem to notice Copper's approach, and was quite surprised to find him resting on his elbows, looking down at her when she looked up.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"Nothing, thank you. My friend's got business with the governor. You seem busy to-day."

"I'm so in general; ain't you?"

"It's as it happens. We are, you know, off and on. Just now, for instance, we've got our hands rather full, and—"

"Hallo!"

It was Mr. Hardstaff's voice from the back, shouting loudly "Copper!" and the almost simultaneous smashing of glass that made him rush in the direction from which the sound proceeded. He got there just in time to see Hardstaff scrambling through the window, while at the same moment a glimpse was obtainable of a sea-faring-looking man, who was scaling the back yard wall. In another moment he had disappeared from view, and ere the detective, out of breath, had reached the wall-top, was lost from sight and hearing in a labyrinth of crooked alleys lying in that direction, into which he had plunged.

Turning his attention from what was passing without to what was to be seen within, Copper's eyes fell on a pocket handkerchief lying open on the edge of the table, in which was a bracelet, a string of pearls, and some rings, while another bracelet lay on the floor just underneath, seeming to indicate that the man who had run away had tried to pick them up while going, but had succeeded only in securing a part, if any of the scattered treasures.

When Hardstaff returned, in about ten minutes' time, much out of breath and very hot, wiping his head with a red ink pocket handkerchief as he came, he found Copper smiling to himself, and reading from his note-book as he turned over and examined the various trinkets.

"We've fallen on our feet this time," said Copper. "Here's some of the things."

"How did these come here?" Hardstaff inquired of the woman.

"The young man brought them who run away. He didn't come fair by them, I suppose, or he wouldn't have run. He wanted to sell 'em cheap, but we're not used to them sort of goods, and I was trying to find something to test the metal when you gentlemen first came in."

"Very much so," observed Copper, rather impatiently. "We shall overhaul the shop to see if you've any more, notwithstanding."

It was of little use for Squelcher to protest that she was more innocent than a babe unborn, with respect to the stolen property, neither was the testimony of Ikey Mo, regarding the extremely heinous nature of all Mr. Johnson's business transactions. A wholesale search was instituted upon the premises, and the rag and bottle room rummaged to its innermost depths.

Many and strange were the discoveries resulting from this visitation, and all sorts of hidden treasures brought suddenly to light from unexpected hiding-places, which at first sight were supposed to contain only the vilest rubbish. Before night the zealous officers had quite a large collection of confiscated goods to carry away with them. In the meantime they had despatched messengers to the headquarters in Quod-street, from which other zealous officers were sent down to their assistance; and Squelcher, taken very quickly in a custody, sat closely guarded in the back parlour—her presence being though advisable, in case any other persons connected with the establishment should put in an appearance.

But Ikey Mo managed to slip through their fingers, and make tracks in an easterly direction. The eye of the officer in charge of him being elsewhere fixed for a brief moment's space of time, the agile Mo had slipped like a eel out of his handcuffs, and, clearing the shop with a bound, plunged into space, to be an instant afterwards swallowed up in a maze of squallid courts forming part of a note-book, a quarter of a mile square, on the outskirts of which Mr. Johnson's court was situated.

The other court dweller, quickly getting scent of danger all at once, peeped forth from door-posts and out of windows commanding a view of Mr. Johnson's shop, and presently a rumour circulated that this was only the beginning of a general visitation, intended by the authorities, and that the whole parish would presently be turned inside-out, and every one led away to prison. Down from under leading brows, restless eyes pierced the gloom in the interior of the shop, and now and then a closely-cropped bullet head still further darkened the doorway. But these belonged to the most venturesome of the little colony; the rest, getting away into close-smelling taprooms, or dark boxes of dirty coffee shops, laid other

bullet heads together, and consulted in hoarse whispers as to what had better be done; while others, more timid still, crammed their pockets with the valuables, and sought shelter in other fastnesses at a remote distance.

When nightfall came on a grey-haired man, wearing dilapidated kid gloves, and carrying a cotton umbrella of unusual size, came from the City by way of Lincoln's-inn-fields, and entered the web of alleys, making towards the particular shop at which the police were in possession. But a hundred or so yards from the entrance to the court a dirty hand plucked at his sleeve, and looking down, he saw the red-haired Jew boy, with a moile, pallid, and unwholesome countenance, expressive of great excitement and some terror.

"What's amiss?"

"The noses is in at your place. Squelcher's copped. I slipped off the darbies and give 'em the double. Don't go too near, 'cause they're waiting for you."

"What are you saying, you young fiend?" gasped Solomon Acre, in a tremble with rage and fear. "What have you been about, curse you? Which of you did it?"

"We neither on us done nothink," replied the boy, shaking himself like a wet dog, to shake off Solomon's hold on his collar. "I never see sich a one! Where's the good o' doin' you a turn? There ain't no harm in it, as I can see."

"I'll throttle out your young life, if you don't tell me what's occurred, without beating about the bush. Well, there, I'll leave go. Now, tell me. Can't you see I'm in a fever to hear what it is. But you can make no allowances."

"It wasn't no fault of ours. That sailor chap came with some things they had lifted yesterday night up west, and while they was littered about on the table, the noses dropped down on us. Squelcher was in the shop, I was at the door and give the signal, but there wasn't no time."

"And they took the sailor?"

"No, he got out of the window, and the bobby after him, but he got clear away. I might have cleared out like a lamb, but I stopped to see what was doing, so as I could tell you, and that's all I gets for it. That's you all over, that is."

"Who could have put them on to our place? And that sailor fool, why did he bring his rubbish there? They followed him, perhaps."

"We don't know. He was there some time before they came. He lost the swag, though. There was no time to pick it up and get away."

"He lost the things, then? That's one comfort."

For some days to come Mr. Solomon Acre found it advisable to take his exercise elsewhere than in the immediate neighbourhood of Drury-lane, over which just at this period, an unpleasant surveillance existed, and round about which Hardstaff, Copper, and Company were for ever rambling, turning up unexpectedly at street corners, and wistfully scanning the horizon from the entrances to a score of courts and alleys. As luck would have it, too, at the little office up Holborn way something of a disagreeable nature had occurred about the same time, and other officers, equally zealous, were watching the door of Mr. Acre's place of business with a lynx-eyed vigilance there was no possibility of dodging.

Racked by ceaseless anxiety respecting the nature and extent of the discoveries that had been made at either place of business, and as to how long the activity of the authorities was likely to continue, Solomon wandered about as near the scene of action as he thought safe, and, screwed up in dark corners of dingy coffee-houses, waited for such news as Ikey Mo was able or thought fit to bring him.

Here, upon the backs of envelopes, and on wasted scraps of worn-out letters, with which his pockets were ordinarily stuffed, he made elaborate calculations of a brain-racking character, breaking down in the midst to rock himself to and fro, and gnaw furiously at the finger-ends of his dilapidated gloves. And now and then the attentive hand-maidens presiding over these houses of entertainment, where was vended the cup which did not inebriate, nor, indeed, particularly cheer, would be alarmed by Solomon's groaning aloud, and come to shake him. Indeed, there is no denying that Solomon's affairs were in a foggy state, and that the more figuring he did, the less satisfactory was the result arrived at. Some dozen backs of envelopes, and as many more ragged scraps of paper, filled with figures, and yet things showed no sign of clearing. An everlastingly perplexing problem, how to take ten from five and leave a balance, was still in progress of working out, and as far as ever from a satisfactory solution.

The dilapidated kid gloves, during this period of mental exertion, were so savagely worried, it became a question whether, when the sun was at last brought to an end, they would have any fingers left, for the finger-ends had gone long ago. Mr. Solomon's appetite, too, failing him there got to be an unbecoming bagginess about his outer garment, in which he seemed like only half the ghost of the Solomon that used to be—a haggard, wistful, thin-nosed ghost that ought to have been deep buried, and well trodden down long ago.

In this most anxious time, and when the figuring was going on with frenzied haste, a tall, dark man, with a handsome face, a little spoiled by drink, came into the coffee-house where the arithmetician was hard at work, and, taking a seat at the same box, stared him hard in the face.

There were other places vacant, and so it must be supposed that the new comer was anxious to enjoy Mr. Acre's society which was a feeling, to judge by Solomon's impatient gesture when he approached, that was not shared by that gentleman.

Looking across a cup of brown puddle, with which he had been served, the new comer made a lengthened survey of Solomon's agreeable features, and seemed at last to make his mind up to a certainty, for he bent across the table and said:

"Mr. Acre, I believe?"

"No," cried Solomon, with a start.

"Mr. Solomon Acre—unless I'm very much mistaken," continued the stranger. "I've often had the pleasure of meeting you when your brother was alive. I half recognised you, just now, out in the street, and followed you in. I'm quite certain you are the gentleman I mean, since you have spoken."

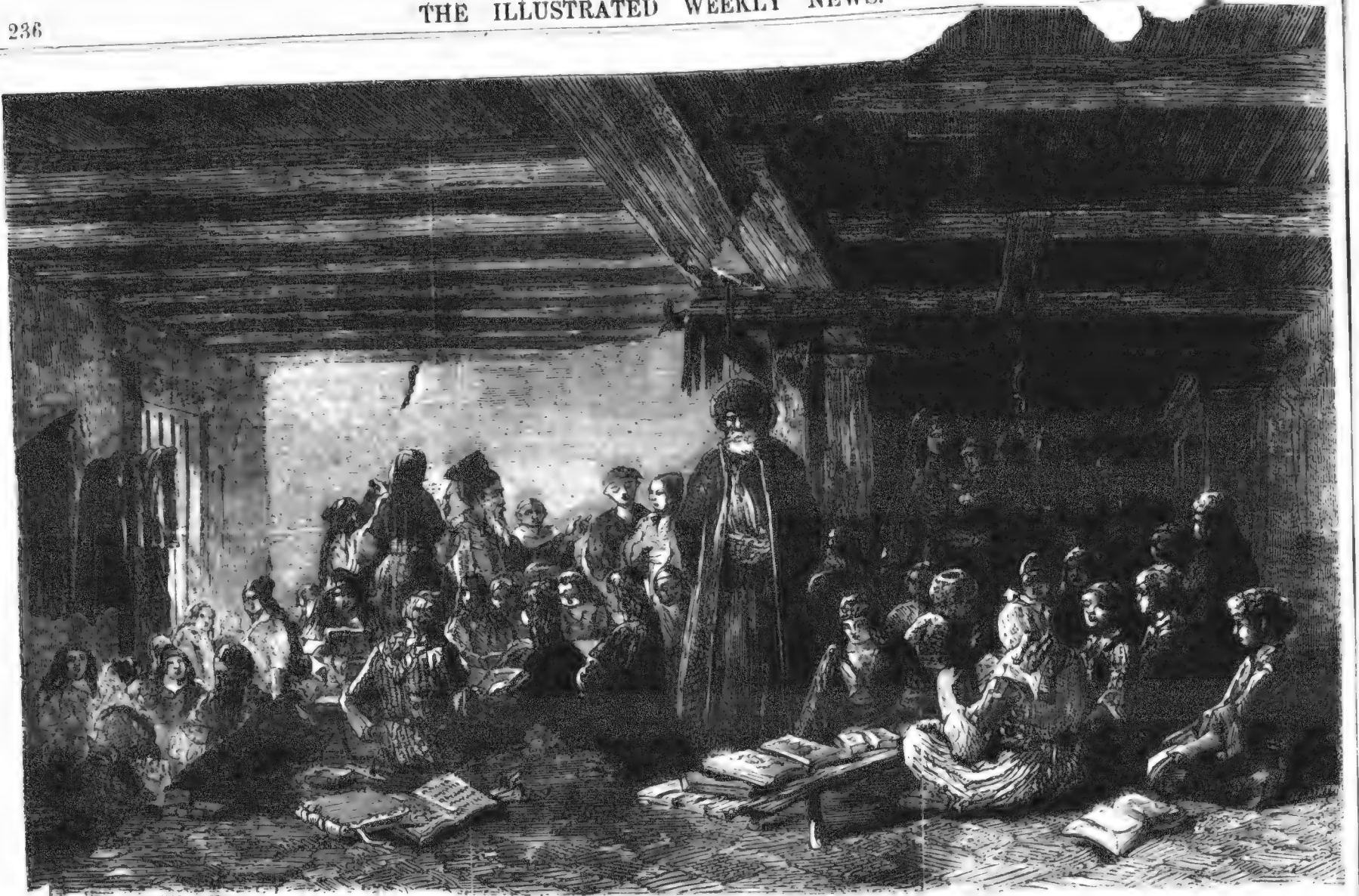
"Supposing I am, then," said Solomon; "what do you want with me. What charge have you got to make?"

"None at all, sir," replied the other, smiling, as though he thought the form of words that Mr. Acre had used a pleasant formula. "No, none, I assure you. My name is Edward Gay. I had some dealings with your brother in times past; but when he unhappily died the connection ceased upon my taking up my last bill. I have often tried to see you since, and have called at your office several times, but, unfortunately, you were out. I thought we might do business together, perhaps."

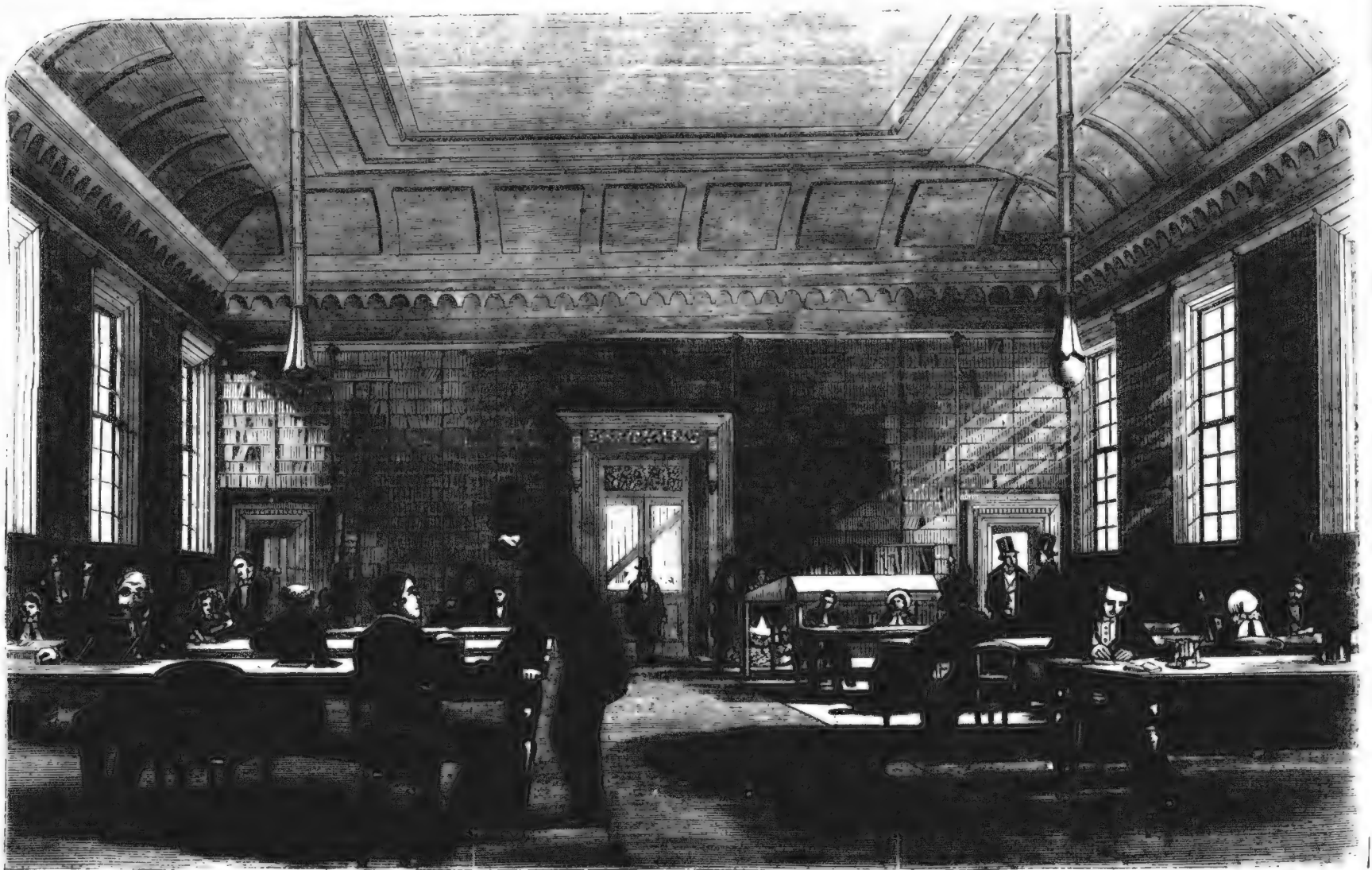
"I think not," said Solomon, curtly.

"Of course, you will use your own discretion upon that head," replied Gay, with a smile, which was just a little savage. "I trust you are not offended by my addressing you?"

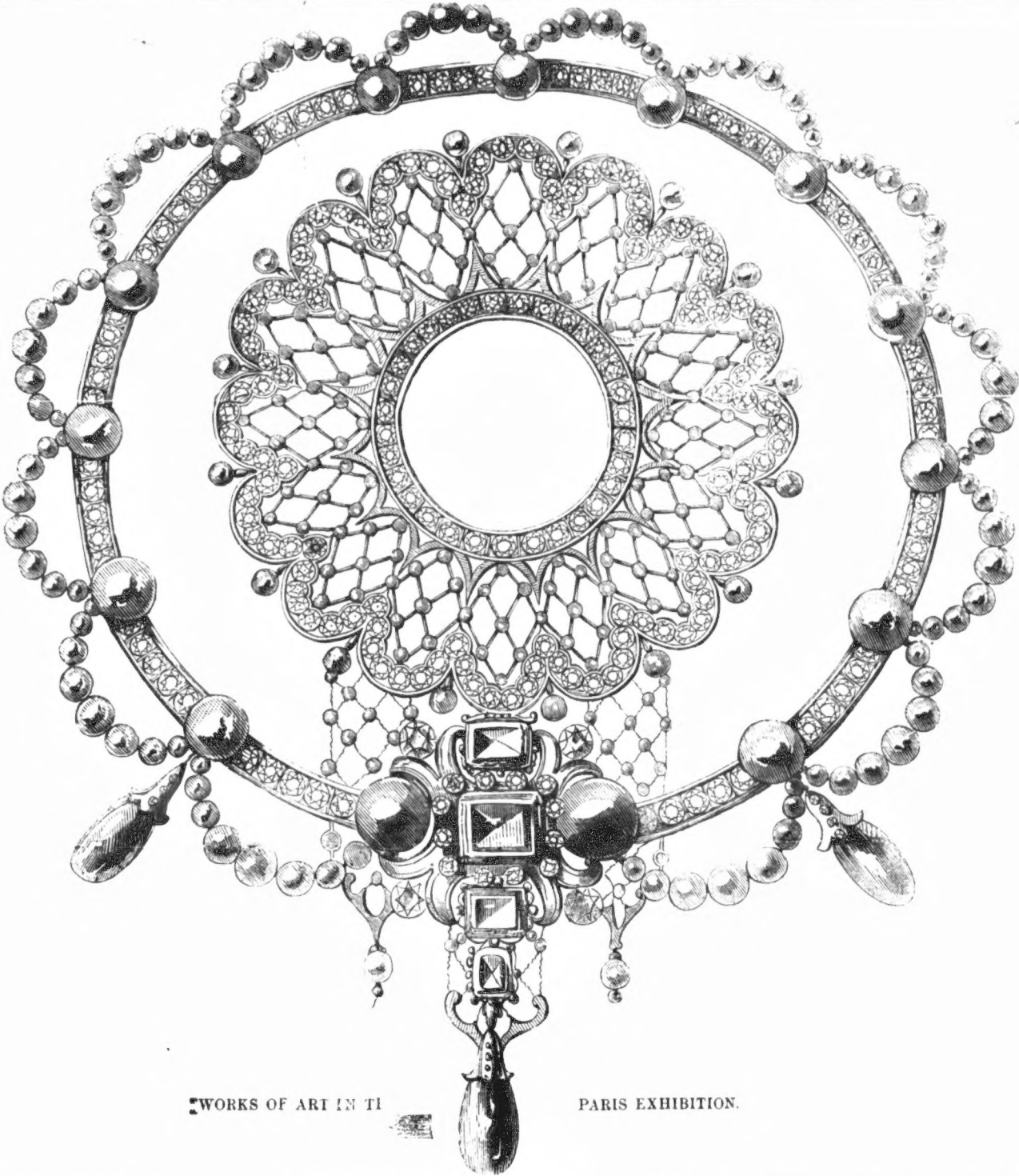
"No; there's no harm done that I know of. Where are you going?"



INTERIOR OF A TARTAR SCHOOL.

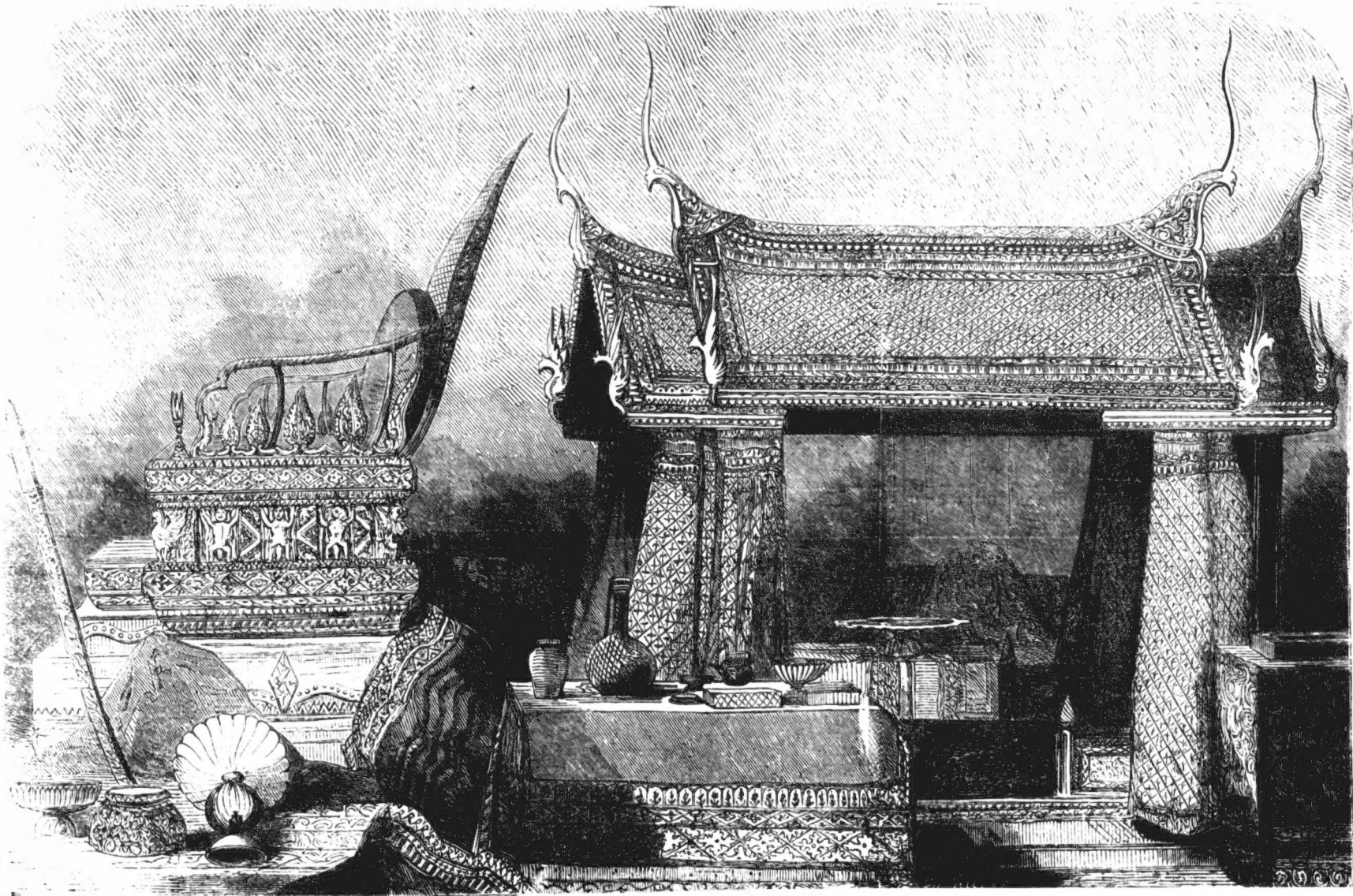


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EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT.—Two brothers, Charles and William Knewstubb, sons of Mr. Knewstubb, surgeon, of Machen, one ten and the other twelve, together with a schoolfellow, named Thomas, went a few nights ago to bathe in the Wye, near Monmouth, and when on the side known to tourists as "The Gamblings," they undressed and entered the river. On the opposite side of the river a fellow, named Giles, was fishing, and saw Charles carried away by the stream, which at this point is both rapid and deep, but did not attempt to rescue the drowning lad, coolly going on with his fishing. At the inquest Giles said he thought he heard one of the boys say, "Save my brother, save my brother," but he had an eel on his line, and was going home to his tea. The coroner and jury severely censured him.

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| 8.—Winter on the Nile | |
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| 14.—The Fisher Boy | |
| 15.—The Garland | MAY. |
| 16.—Richard Mary | |
| 17.—Mother's Hope | |
| 18.—Young Love and Reason | JUNE. |
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| 29.—The Harvest Field | |
| 30.—Symphonies of Bacchus | OCT. |
| 31.—The Children in the Wood | |
| 32.—Thrashing; Harvest Trees | |
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| 35.—Setting Rabbits | |
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| 37.—The Lark | |
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